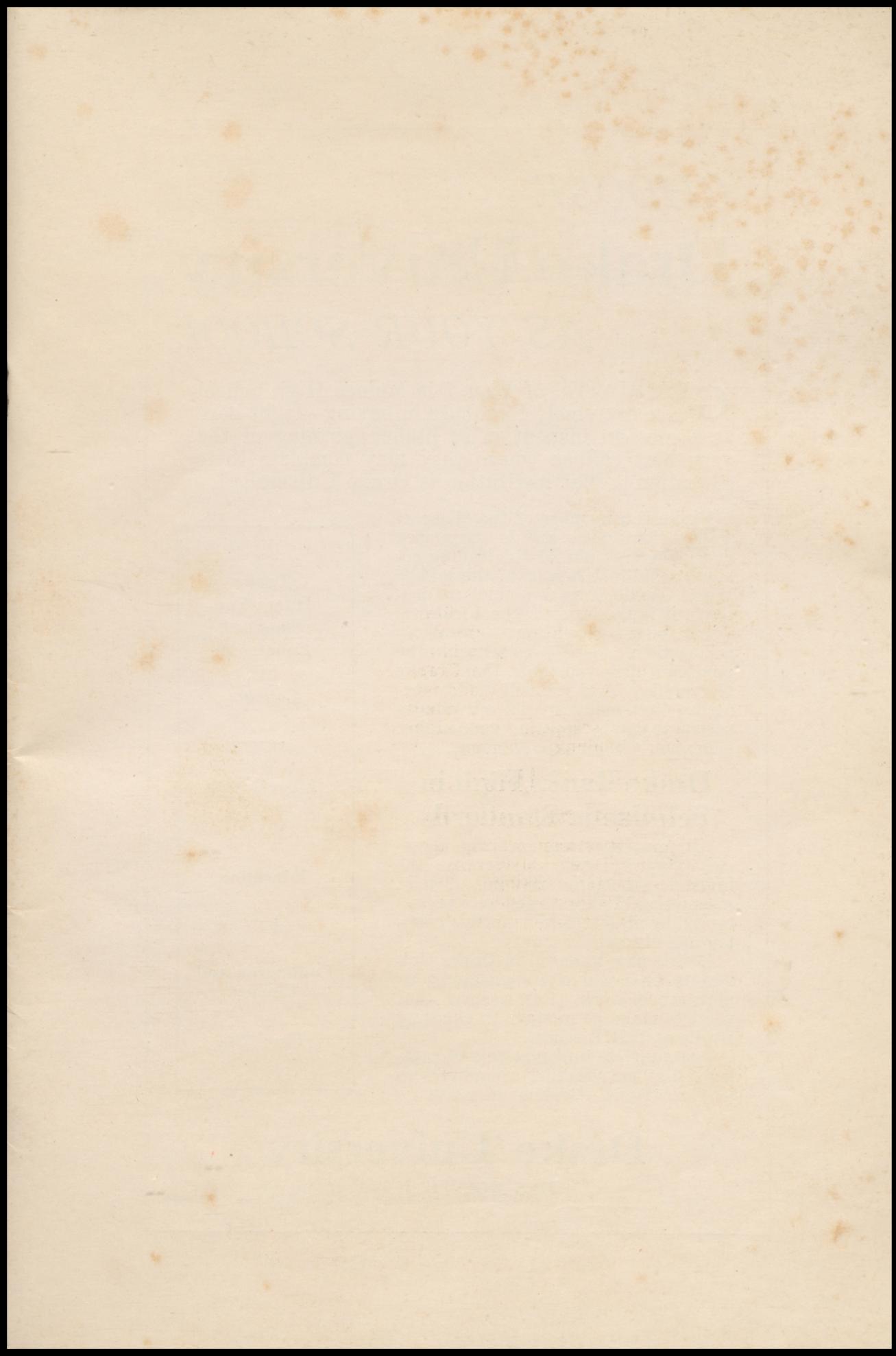


THE QUILL



MARCH, 1926





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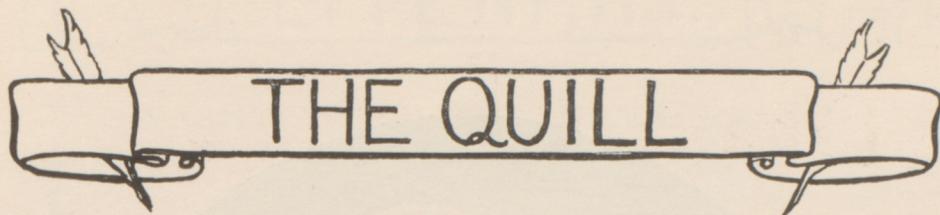
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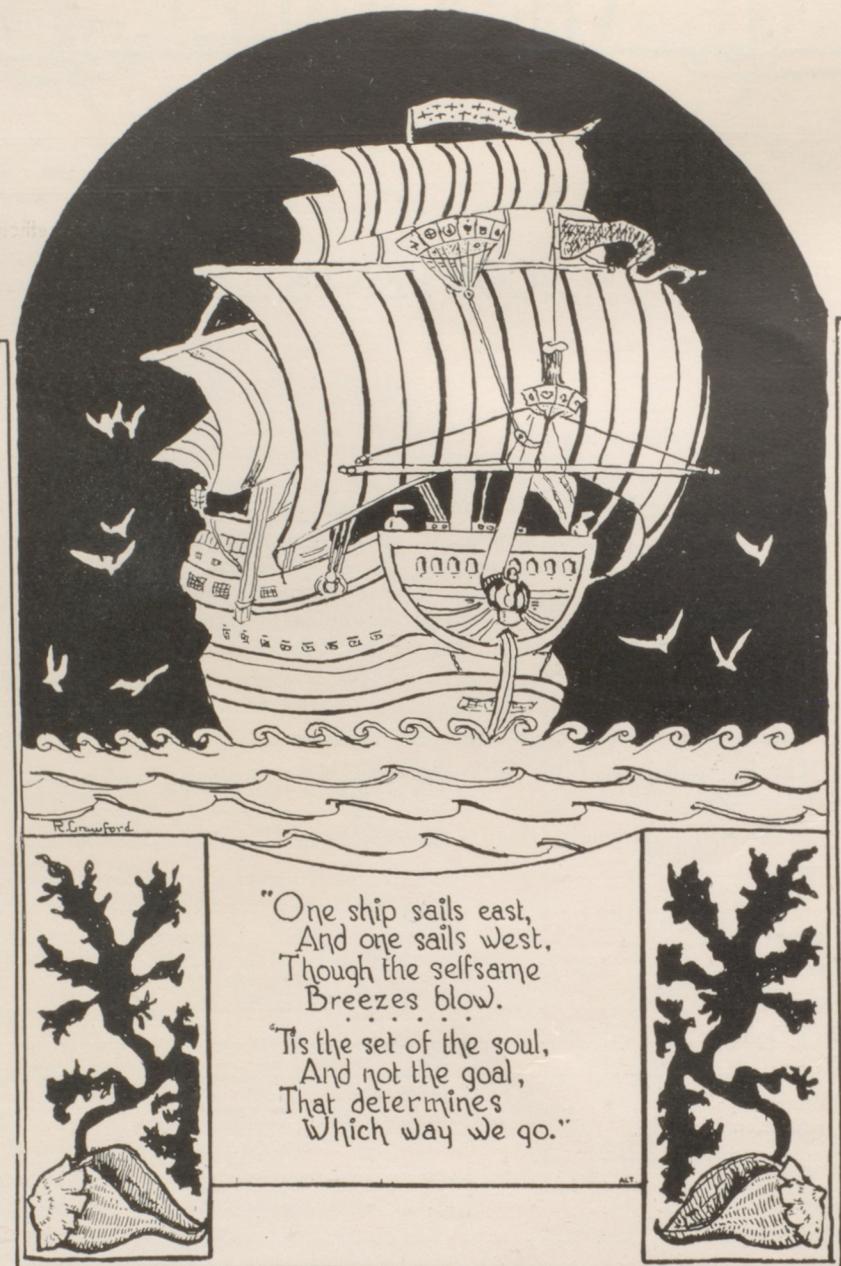
....CONTENTS....

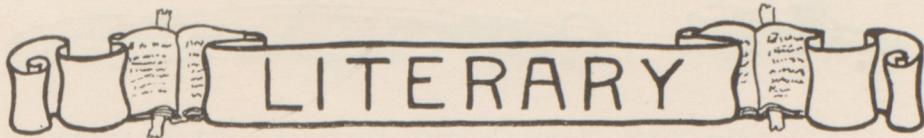
Frontispiece	4
Literary	5
Vashti the Valorous Vagrant	5
A Belated Romance—Delma Jordan	6
Worm-Seekers—Margaret Hopkins	10
To the Night—Norman Rinard	11
Unlatched Gates—Rosabelle Houston	11
Adventure—Rosabelle Houston	12
Today—Bertha Brown	12
The March Wind—S. C. M.	12
Night—Delma Jordan	13
There Are So Many Things—Rosabelle Houston	13
The Joy of Being a Little Girl—Rosabelle Houston	14
Work—Zaidee Fox	14
Sunset Hill—Marguerite Dichl	14
Juniors	15
Staff Page	24
Editorial	25
Organizations	27
Cartoon	32
What's Doing	33
Quilliam	42
Athletics	43
An Interesting Visitor	46
Alumni	47
Snaps	50
Exchange	51
Jokes	53

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LITERARY

VASHTI THE VALOROUS VAGRANT

THE sun sent a ray of fading bronze into the mauve mist of my perfect domicile. I had lost my glorious title of Vashti the Valorous and had become Vashti the Valorous Vagrant. I stood upon the doorstep of my mansion of pure Woolworth glass and favored myself with a sympathetic sigh. I was about to leave my Olympic home and become a mortal. Long years ago, so it seemed, I had been a mortal, but my blank verse, entitled "The Deified Cockroach," had lifted me to immortal heights. And, alas, now the manager of Olympus had engaged an efficiency expert who said my verse was too blank.

One parting, lachrymous glance and I felt the momentum of my fall to earth. At last my dizzy brain sensed the end and I was swiftly embedded in soft mud! That I, from whose brain "The Deified Cochroach" had sprung, should be sitting in the trampled mud in front of the mercantile establishment was unbearable. Directly across the street was a large gray building. I gazed about for someone to show me due reverence. Two young men crossed the street. The same intuition that had inspired the "Cockroach" told me that they were R-y K-a-e and W-l-i-m M-G-e-. Alas, they shouted at me, "What's the idea of clutterin' up the path to the hot dog stand?" With wounded dignity I arose and started across the street.

Suddenly the mist cleared from my brain. Four years ago I had been a freshman at this very school! But I had surpassed them all in my ascension to Olympus, I rushed into the building. At the head of the stairs sat G-n-v- P-o-d-i-, who had been in my English class under M-s- B-o-y. I rushed toward her.

"Have you a slip?" she frigidly inquired.

"No," said I, "I have no slip. I am Vashti, the—"

"Then you'll have to go in the front door," she coolly interrupted.

I walked around to the front door. The day was warm and balmy, and three young ladies had gathered to enjoy the beauties of the lawn. I recognized them as J-a- B-y-r, E-i-y A-b-e-h-, and J-n-t T-o-p-o-.

"Don't you remember me—I am Vashti the Valorous?" I asked, and modestly added, "It was I who wrote "The Deified Cockroach."

"Curses!" shrieked one of the girls wildly, "I forgot to get those tickets for 'The Passionate Husband' at the Princess!" And all three rushed off.

Just then wild shrieks were heard from the vestibule. I looked in. R-c-a-d J-e-e- and R-b-r-t A-t were engaged in the pastime of telling gruesome ghost stories to M-r-o-i- S-i-i-g-r and E-l-a-o- C-s-o-. They did not notice me.

I started to walk up the hall. I espied E-e-n-r B-r-o- and J-c- W-c-h-m approaching. E-e-n-r was arguing, "But I tell you, M-s- G-b-i-l said it was to be written," and J-c- was saying, "But I say she said it was to be memorized, and I know!" I had no chance to speak.

Just then M-r- G-r-o- and M-r-o- T-o-n-o- rushed by, knocking me to one side. They mussed my hair most dreadfully. R-b-r- C-a-f-r- called to them, "What's the rush?" They shouted back, "Quill's going to press tomorrow and the snaps aren't taken yet!"

I tried to smooth my hair, but in vain. I looked about for someone who could tell me where I could buy a sterilized prophylactic hairbrush. The long curly lashes and smooth waves of V-n R-b-n-o-'s jetty hair labeled that young man as an authority on hairbrushes. I asked him politely, but he seemed too engrossed in something about coal mines to answer.

At last I thought of my old friend, M-s- N-e-l-s. I entered her office with hope springing in my bosom. "I was a freshman here four years ago, and it was I who wrote—" I began.



"Yes," said M-s- N-e-l-s, "I remember you. You failed to record dropping school at the office; none of your books was returned to your teachers; you carried your locker keys away with you. No, I haven't forgotten you!"

A great pang of longing for Olympus surged up within me—and then I thought of that efficiency expert! Never! Sadly I went out of the portals of East High. I, who had written "The Deified Cockroach" for the service of humanity, had not been treated with due respect.

Editor's note: No doubt our readers will remember that we published a series of articles by Vashti in 1923. We regret to say that there will be no more, for Vashti the Valorous Vagrant was seen to hurl herself under the wheels of J-m-y M-G-e-e's car shortly after her last visit to East High. Due to the busy season the memorial service for Vashti the Valorous Vagrant has been postponed indefinitely.

A BELATED ROMANCE

Editor's note: This story was given honorable mention in the contest for a student written number, conducted recently by the Scholastic Magazine.

MISS ORINKA SNOOKS walked distractedly down the main street of Freeport. With one hand she tried vainly to hold an umbrella—which she always carried—and to keep the wind from blowing her blue serge dress too closely about her stiff slim body; with the other hand she endeavored to carry a large bag of chocolate Easter eggs and hold on her hat. Suddenly an extremely blustery gust of wind caught her umbrella and with a mighty wrench tried to snatch it from her hand. Immediately she let go her hat to hold the umbrella with both hands, and the hat was swept from her straggly auburn locks. Grimly she pursued her hat, which was whirling gaily down the street, always evading her frantic grasp. And then, when she almost had it, an extra puff of wind caught it and whirled it over a high board fence.

It took Miss Snooks but a few minutes to find the owner of the lot and gain entrance. But no hat was to be found! Perplexed, Miss Snooks borrowed a shawl from the lot owner's wife and proceeded to the offices of Bernenstiens and Barry, Real Estate Agents, where she worked as stenographer and entire office force.

"I shall now get a new hat for Easter," thought Miss Snooks. "Donovan's had some on sale for two dollars and sixty-nine cents." She sighed, for she knew that the same hats would be offered later at one dollar and ninety-seven cents, but she couldn't go to church on Easter without a hat.

Miss Snooks could have bought an entire hat store had she wished, as in her forty-five years she had managed to save a neat sum of money which was in the Freeport Bank drawing compound interest. The frugal lady denied herself many little pleasures in order to swell the total in the bank, which was being saved against the rainy day when she should find herself unable to work and with the "Miss" still before her name; for Miss Snooks had abandoned hope of ever acquiring a "Mrs."

Miss Snooks walked dejectedly into her stuffy little office, only to stop as if struck by lightning. On her typewriter perched a truant hat!

All afternoon she wondered about the mysterious appearance of her hat. Her practical mind tried to find a practical solution, but after much meditation, she was compelled to give up the problem in bewilderment.

At 5:40, however, as Miss Snooks was covering her typewriter, Mr. Bernenstien entered her office and looked, not through her as he had always done previously, but at her.

"Ah, I—trust—ahem—you found your hat."

For it had been no other than Bernenstien who had stood on the other side of the board fence and caught Miss Snooks' hat. He had not recognized the bonnet at first,



The Quill

but had felt a dim sense of former acquaintance with it. Then he gradually remembered that he had seen that frightful yellow hat with the hideous blue flowers come to work on the head of his stenographer at 8:30, and leave at 5:30 every day except Sundays and the Fourth of July for four successive summers. Hum—four years! Most women didn't wear their hats that long.

"Yes, I found it," Orinka Snooks stated. "Thank you very much." The affair was closed so far as she was concerned, but Mr. Bernenstien persisted.

"I suppose it wouldn't have made much difference if I hadn't found it. You will probably be getting a new one for Easter."

"Certainly not," she snapped. "My old one's plenty good."

"So it is," agreed Bernenstien, his heart thumping excitedly. "Er—my Ford's out here. Can't I—drive you home?"

"I don't know but what you may," Miss Snooks condescended. "It will save shoe leather," she thought to herself.

"Er—how much do you get a week, Miss—er—Snooks?" he asked when the Ford had been duly cranked and started.

"Eighteen," the lady responded briefly.

"And do you—ah—save any of it?"

"Oh, yes, most of it," Miss Snooks returned complacently.

"Hum," grunted the boss. "Hum."

After that Bernenstien drove his stenographer home every night.

Bernenstien had been a widower for twenty years. He had thought often of marrying again, but he had never been able to find a woman who measured up to his ideals. She *must* be everything his first wife had been. He never tried to conceal the fact that, from his point of view, his first marriage had been a complete failure. Of course it had all been his wife's fault.

He thought he had found in Miss Snooks the ideal he was seeking. Surely she was frugal enough; she had a neat sum of money in her own name; and she could be his stenographer even after they were married, the only difference being that then he would keep her eighteen dollars a week. Yes, Bernenstien was seriously contemplating giving his stenographer a "Mrs."

But Bernenstien was a wary man. He realized that before he asked the great question, his bride-to-be must be made to feel the great honor being bestowed upon her—to appreciate the great prize she was winning.

One Saturday afternoon he took his lady fishing. They drove to a beautiful wooded stream and unpacked. Bernenstien watched his lady closely as she put a wriggling worm on her hook.

"You know," he said, dropping his hook into the water, "you're the first woman I ever saw who wasn't afraid to put an angle worm on a hook. I have always enjoyed fishing. It is the cheapest and greatest sport in the world. But my wife"—he sighed deeply—"made my life a burden. She screamed every time I mentioned an angle worm."

At this point Miss Snooks pulled out an under-sized perch, unhooked it, and put on a fresh worm.

"To a man like myself," Bernenstien continued appraisingly, "your sportsmanship appeals greatly. My life has been somewhat like a fish's. I—ah—have sailed down the stream of life tempted by many hooks, but never once has my shrewdness failed me."

And so being on his favorite topic of discussion—himself—he talked almost continuously until dusk. And Miss Snooks? She listened rapturously through the whole recital, her simple soul elated because a Man had found her worthy to listen to his life's history.



Monday was a great day at the offices of Bernenstien and Barry, for it heralded the return of Barry, who had been in Chicago for some weeks on business.

"And now, old man," cried Bernenstien after the outcome of Barry's trip had been thoroughly discussed, "you may as well congratulate me. I'm the same as a married man."

"You!" fairly exploded the returned partner. "Who's the woman?"

"Our stenographer," returned Bernenstien complacently. "Of course she isn't worthy of me, but what woman is worthy of the man she marries? And this woman is certainly worth any other six of her sex." Whereupon Bernenstien enumerated his future spouse's attractions. Her savings account, her frugality in hats, and her ability to continue her stenographic duties while her husband drew her eighteen dollars a week, headed the list.

"Hum—and you say she's accepted you?" Barry's entire bald head was wrinkled with perplexity.

"No, I haven't asked her yet, but of course she's just waiting for a chance to grab me."

"Hum," muttered Barry. "Well, I trust you'll be happy."

He left his partner then and entered the room where Miss Snooks' fingers were busily moving among the keys of her typewriter.

"Hum!" Barry muttered again, gazing at the stiff blue serge back of Miss Snooks. He noted the gaunt thinness of her neck, the angular shoulders, the thin red hair drawn into a tight knot. He drew his hand across his eyes. He thought of her savings account and her other attributes—Already he had buried four wives—the last one not yet a year dead. (No tombstones had as yet been erected to Barry's wives, but he generously intended to leave a sum of money to erect a handsome stone for the lot of them.) He had intended to marry again. Why not Miss Snooks?

"Click-click-click," sounded the keys.

"Ahem!" he coughed decorously. "Miss Snooks, I have something to say to you."

"Yes, Mr. Barry?" The keys stopped their monotonous clicking and Miss Snooks turned, giving Barry the full benefit of her severe unlovely face.

"It does not concern business," Barry continued. "My Buick will be waiting after office hours. I will see you home."

"Very well," Miss Snooks returned, puzzled. "Is that all?"

"Yes."

Again the click-click-click of the keys, and under Miss Snooks' blue serge jacket a timorous heart beat in accompaniment.

At 5:30 o'clock that afternoon Bernenstien sat in his Ford, his small eyes bewildered and uncomprehending, and watched his partner drive away with Miss Snooks.

"That matter you wished to speak to me about," Miss Snooks suggested after a rather protracted silence which had been broken only by the throb of the engine.

"Oh, that," Barry uttered a long, rumbling laugh, "was just an excuse to get you in my car. I'm going to take you to dinner now if you will consent, and if you refuse I shall drive off with you and never bring you back."

But Miss Snooks had no idea of refusing. Her simple soul that had always craved attention was overwhelmed.

They had the best dinner the Freeport Hotel offered, and after the meal, Barry presented Miss Snooks with a bunch of violets and a huge box of candy. Then they drove into the country and returned under the full moon. Barry had had extensive experience in winning wives.

When Miss Snooks was left on her doorstep her pulse was tingling. And all night she built air-castles—awkward castles, no doubt, but seemingly substantial ones. She



The Quill

who had been unsought by man until that eventful day when her hat had been blown over a fence, was now courted by two—certainly not handsome or gallant—but successful—*Men!* No wonder she could not sleep.

The next morning Miss Snooks wore her bunch of violets pinned to her shiny blue jacket. Bernenstien saw the violets and explosively entered Barry's office. The transom being open, Miss Snooks heard with pleasurable excitement the angry voice of her employer.

"Barry, you cad, you are trying to double-cross me. I told you Miss Snooks was mine!"

"Pig, she had not accepted you. I suppose she was to have nothing to say in the matter?"

Bernenstien ignored his partner's question.

"You deliberately try to win the woman I intend to make my wife. You cur! You abominable hound!"

"But you said yourself that it was only for her savings account, her frugality, her ability to continue in the office while you drew her salary—"

"You blackguard," Bernenstien's voice rose to an angry howl, "I'm going to ask her now to marry me."

"Be sure to tell her," chuckled Barry, "that after she has refused you, I'll be waiting for her."

The discovery that she was being married for her money at first disconcerted Miss Snooks, but she was composed when Bernenstien, having spent his temper on the door, stood before her.

"Will you marry me," he demanded, "today, tomorrow, next week, as soon as you can?"

Miss Snooks rested her gaunt hands in her lap and gazed at him solemnly. She felt this moment to be the crisis of her life. She realized that she had but two chances to acquire a "Mrs.", even if it was virtually a transfer of her savings account for the desirable prefix.

"But," she reflected grimly, as she thought of the name that would appear on her tombstone should she reject both suitors,—

*Orinka Snooks
Spinster*

"after this I could, at least, make it

*Orinka Snooks
Spinster—By Choice."*

Still she considered. She had worked for Barry for several years, but she had known him only one evening. Yet she could imagine him, saying in a deprecative voice, "Oh, my dear! My first wife never permitted the oatmeal to burn," or "My third wife would have considered such wall-paper atrocious;" or again, "My fourth wife *never* wore that color. I always disliked it;" and yet again, "A switch? Orinka, my second wife's hair was all natural!"

Miss Snooks reflected that Bernenstien had not been married for twenty years.

"If I marry you," asked the woman, "may I wear a wedding veil?" She had always dreamed of being married in a veil.

"Ah," Bernenstien was astonished, "wouldn't it be much—er—sweeter if you wore the lovely yellow hat that introduced us?"

"It *would* be romantic," Miss Snooks conceded with a sigh, "so I'll give up wearing a veil if after the ceremony I can have four hats a year. And I need time to go to Chicago and buy a lovely trousseau," she added cautiously.

"A trousseau!" Bernenstien was shocked. Where was her frugality in hats? Where would her saving account be when she had bought a trousseau? "Why—"



"I will not be married without a trousseau," said Orinka decidedly. "I love pretty clothes and I'm sure Mr. Barry—"

"Yes, yes," Bernenstien gulped, "by all means you must have a trousseau."

"And I will never have to work any more," Miss Orinka concluded with an air of finality.

A dogged expression settled on the face of the would-be husband. "Work is the most glorious thing in the world. What could be more inspiring than for both of us to come to work together, to face the world side by side, and return to our—our home arm in arm—"

"Mr. Barry would not even wish me to work," Orinka interrupted determinedly. "I have worked all my life."

And then Bernenstien looked at his stenographer, an unaccountable sense of desolation filling his old heart. He had practically promised to give up her savings account and her eighteen dollars a week. Yet she wasn't afraid of angle-worms. She would make a good companion. He was lonely—had been lonely for years and years. His partner was waiting in the adjoining room, waiting for a chance to capture the one woman in the world. Suddenly, he realized that he could not see clearly,—that his eyes were actually damp; and he heard himself murmuring huskily, "It's all right, Orinka. You can have anything you want, only don't keep me waiting. I'm—terribly fond of you. Just hurry and say 'yes'."

Then "Yes," said Miss Snooks triumphantly, adding enigmatically, "God bless Barry! A little competition's a great thing."

DELMA JORDAN, '26.

WORM-SEEKERS

DID you ever sit in some obscure corner and watch people go by? Nature's best and nature's worst meet, rub elbows and are jostled apart by the years with their ever-changing throngs and seasons.

I have often noticed that a chicken will stand in one spot, sometimes, for a period of fifteen minutes, digging for a worm, not conscious of the fact that there are perhaps a dozen of its own kind within a radius of a few feet. Sometimes the grub is found at once, while again the whole of a fowl's life may be spent in fruitless search for a single worm. It is the same with a man. He digs hour after hour, day after day, and is sometimes rewarded early in his quest, while again, the reward does not come until after long years of labor and sacrifice, and sometimes,—not at all.

When the concentrated labor of the chicken has been rewarded, there begins at once a barn-yard parade, at whose head appears the victor in all its glory. However, in most cases the triumphant hour of the conqueror is very short, for I have heard that the chicken who digs the worm seldom eats it. At this point I am always sorry that the poor chicken cannot be endowed with Hiawatha's magic slippers.

A man, however, uses a different method of getting the other fellow's "worm" than does the chicken. The human mind is so constituted that it finds a way of fooling its object into a snare. When something has been gained, a man hears from friends that he thought he had lost; he acquires new and prominent ones; they seek his company, praise and flatter him. He must be a pretty shrewd man to resist the charm of the temptations thrust before him.

On the other hand, when the chicken with its worm has been captured, its brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, parents, grandparents, friends and enemies, pounce upon it, devour the worm, and ignore the unhappy bird. Likewise when the human spiders have ensnared the fly with its prize, they draw the net tight, secure the worm and cast the broken individual aside.

MARGARET HOPKINS.



....POETRY CORNER....

A few years ago it was an unheard of thing to receive some well written verse from a student. The last three or four semesters the Literary Department of the Quill has received more poetry than it has been able to use, so we are printing some of it in this Poetry Corner. Not only have we a great number of verses, comparatively, but they are well written. Some of our young poets have done well enough to merit publication in larger magazines, and have earned for themselves the honor of public criticism.

The Quill Staff wishes to encourage people who like to write verse, and is always glad to receive their work.

TO THE NIGHT

O lovely Night, you come on quiet feet
To wrap me in your velvet wings outspread,
And carry me far away from my white bed
Out through the window and over the street
To Dreamland where the air is soft and sweet.
Cool Night, you are so good to come and lead
Me to a place where I can rest my head
Away from grim reality and passion's heat.

How sweet the wings of Night that fold me in
With quietness away from worldly din!
Ah, good Night, what beauty, what pain, what bliss
You always bring to me. From your kindness
I take a goodly share of loveliness.
I crave your soothing voice, your rapturous kiss.

NORMAN RINARD.

UNLATCHED GATES

A maiden, scorning all the world,
Built a high way 'round her heart,
And then, content, sat down to watch.
A little laugh came in her eyes and to her lips—
Because all winds that beat upon the wall—
Could only beat in vain.
She ceased to guard the wall—the vaulted gate—
And felt that it would stand for all time through.
Then one came who only smiled and didn't knock,
Whose dear dark eyes, like stars, said things
That pleading stormy winds could never say.
She flung open the bolted gate—in fear—lest he
Should not wish to enter, or even pause.
But straight into the gateway of her heart he came.
The keepers of the opened gate hooted—she too walked in to seek him out!
He drew her close and stilled the beating of her fearful heart.
The gate clicked—the bars were up.
And two, whose scorn had flamed to love, were captured in her prison!

ROSABELLE HOUSTON, '26.



ADVENTURE

I took a pink cloud—
Like a fairy's gay shroud
And went sailing away like a leaf.
I kissed the moon and then all the stars,
And slept with the dewdrops in rose petaled bowers.
I danced with the elves and demons and flowers in a misty nook
And whistled a song with a gay babbling brook;
I sailed on a sea of silver and gold
And heard all the waves their wild tales unfold.
And at last when to Earth I embarked—
My heart went tripping away on the notes of a lark.

ROSABELLE HOUSTON, '26.

TODAY

Today the sunlight flooded our small sphere,
A whispering breeze brought bird notes, liquid clear.
It was the kind of day that resurrects the hive
And makes us mortals glad that we're alive.

The wind is moaning through the trees tonight;
There is a pinch of cold, a frosty bite,
The moon with full and glowing face has flown
Into a veil of clouds; the stars are gone.

So is the life we lead while here on earth—
One day is happiness; next, gone all mirth.
To the joys of today let our happiness cling,
For we never can tell what tomorrow will bring.

BERTHA BROWN.

THE MARCH WIND

Gray, smoky, writhing dragons
Rush forth from chimney tops;
The March wind with its lusty song
Whirls o'er the stores and shops;
And, with strength once more regained,
Sweeps onward gasping crowds;
And swiftly ever, overhead
Pass spotless fluffy clouds.
The bare, wind-driven, sighing trees
Sway, and toss, and bend;
And smoke and every noise
Into the cold wind blend.
The shoppers, clutching parcels,
Gasp and hurry along,
And over the heads of the people,
The March wind sings his song.

S. C. M., '26.



NIGHT

The breezes stir and softly sigh
As back and forth they sway,
They croon a wondrous lullaby,
The knell of dying day.

They sing a song of mystery,
All nature seems to dream;
And the twilight's magic witchery
Hangs a golden star, a gleam.

The whippoorwill is calling
In a sleepy, far off way;
His mate is softly answering
As she bids goodby to day.

A breathless hush is o'er the world;
A poem, a prayer, a baby's cry—
The love that comes to everyone,
The magic mystery of the sky!

Then, while nature's voice is stilled,
And the breezes cease their tune,
God's own promise is fulfilled
In the silver wonder of the moon.

DELMA JORDAN, '26.

THERE ARE SO MANY LOVELY THINGS

There are
So many lovely
Things I cannot hope
To see them all; but yet I can
Go forth
Into
The world and search
And find the mighty few
That other people have passed by
And weave
Them with
Deftness into
Some lovely quilt
To place about your shoulders in
Your sleep.

NORMAN RINARD.

Page Thirteen



THE JOY OF BEING A LITTLE GIRL

I am glad I am a little girl,
I know I am the happiest
little girl in all this town,
Because I love
Snowy white handkerchiefs,
Soft white kitten muffs,
Little jingling, tinkling, star songs,
And soft mud between my toes;
The smell of bonfires before bed-time,
The bitter taste of green leaves on my tongue.
And oh, how deliciously I love,
The feeling of creamy candies
slipping down, on their
way to battle with my stomach!

ROSABELLE HOUSTON, '26.

WORK

It isn't what one says he'll do,
But what he does that cheers,
It isn't what he thinks he'll write
That lives throughout the years.

It isn't what he dreams about,
Or what he wants to do,
It's only what he up and does
That's seen by me or you.

ZAIDEE FOX, '27.

SUNSET HILL

Sunset hill is a friendly hill
That faces the golden west,
And wheresoever my feet may stray,
I shall love that hill the best.

When all are still, and all are at rest,
I seek the hill I love the best.
I rest beneath the willow tree
And dream of the hill that was made for me.

MARGUERITE DIEHL, '27.



JUNIORS

OUR SCHOOL

If you want a school,
A good school,
A "peppy" school,
A beautiful school,
A high-class school without a flaw,
Your kind attention we would draw
To East High School.

East High School is a real school,
A perfect school, an ideal school;
There is no equal
In all the land;
Know us, and you will understand,
That there is no school in all the land,
Better than East High School.

LEWIS G. PATTERSON.

WHAT WOULD WASHINGTON DO IN A SIMILAR PLACE?

The tennis set was progressing rapidly in my favor. We had played all the afternoon, and now, at last, at five o'clock, I was winning a set. What is more, it was a boy whom I was beating! A boy who was one of the creatures hailed as the greatest of athletes! There, I had just won one game which made the set call 5-3. Now, if the god—(well, whocver is the god of tennis) would only smile on me, I felt that I could never more be able to obtain a hat huge enough for my enlarged cranium. The suspense was simply terrible! It was my service then. Oh! an ace! an ace! my kingdom for an ace! There a swell (permit this word, it is the only adjective that would describe) ball went right—into the net.

Oh, well, I still had a chance. The next ball was better. My opponent returned it, but, alas, it went outside. The ball, either in malice for one of us, or just for the exercise (it is still a deep unsolved mystery) proceeded to roll the length of the five courts. Not satisfied with this, the ball, upon seeing, feeling, or hearing (whichever a ball does) an opening at the end of the fifth court, made a wild dash for liberty out into the great open spaces beyond, but a tuft of grass obstructed its course. Here the ball remained until the great (?) athlete could recover it some few minutes later. All this time, while the ball was having its little joke, I was standing back on the court in agonizing suspense. At last the game was resumed. That last ball was good. It was my point.

Just as the game was about finished in my favor (now, here is a tragedy) Miss _____ brought the game to a close, before I could even remember whether I had taken that next point in that never-to-be-forgotten set which had been played during the vacation before, by saying, "Grace, I don't see why you don't answer that question quickly. It's all review." But as everyone else had heard the question could I say that I had not? Anyway, wasn't it George Washington's birthday? How I wished he were there then in my place so that I might see what he would have done. Again I hoped that some kind god would favor me—Rrring! The bell! It never sounded so musical to me before. It was then that I, too, made a wild dash for freedom through the door of that history class toward my locker.

GRACE CARPER.



WAMBA'S ADVENTURE IN THE MODERN WORLD

My friend John and I were standing on the corner of Second and Grand waiting for a street car to take us to the Drake Stadium. The Drake-Kansas Aggies football game was to be played there that afternoon. Suddenly a very strange figure stood before us. His dress was of very bright colors. The jacket was of a deep purple hue, upon which there had been an attempt to draw grotesque ornaments, something like those on the slickers of today. Over this was a short cloak of crimson lined with yellow. On his feet were loose sandals and his legs were encased in gaiters of red and yellow. He wore a tall dunce hat with a bell tinkling on the tip and with bells all around the bottom.

"Hello, cousins," he hailed. "I'll wager two zecchins that you don't know who I am."

"You look to me just as I have always pictured Wamba, the jester of Cedric," I replied.

"Right you are. That is who I am," he returned. "I thought I would drop down from the Kingdom of Heaven and see how the world is getting along without me. Here I am, although I was almost hit by one of those black boxes running around."

"Ha, ha, ha. Those are automobiles," John laughingly told him.

"Say, Wamba, how would you like to go to a football game? It is something like your old tournaments," I asked.

"Marry, I would," he replied. "Where are your horses?"

"We do not ride on horses, but on this car coming now. When it stops and the doors open, hop on," John answered.

On the car Wamba said, "This is the life for me, sitting on a comfortable bench in this big oblong carriage and having another man driving it."

Seeing Drake's great new stadium, he declared, "This makes me think of the tournament at Ashby. It is almost as big and beautiful as Ashby. There are no galleries for the nobles, but I see one for Prince John. Where is the Queen of Love and Beauty?"

"Well, Wamba," I answered, "we have no nobles or Queen of Love and Beauty. Prince John has been dead a long time. That gallery is for men who tell all the rest of the world about this game by radio and newspaper."

"That's interesting, I'll have to tell Gurth and Ivanhoe all about those when I go back."

Just then the teams came on the field and lined up ready for the kickoff. "Where are their horses?" asked Wamba. "They don't even have armor or spears. Marry, their helmets do not even cover their faces."

"No," replied John, "they do not use any of those now."

"But, look!" cried Wamba, very much excited. "They are charging each other."

"See that ball, Wamba, that a player has just caught," I explained. "That is a sort of prize. Each side tries to put it across the line where those two poles stand."

"What is the matter with those three men standing back of the others?" he questioned. "Are they afraid to stand in front?"

"No," I returned, "they must stand back there to receive the ball. See how they run and try to get to those poles."

When the first touchdown was made by Drake, Wamba said, "The people are shouting just as they did for the Disinherited Knight when he overcame that boastful knight, Brian de Bois Guilbert."

After the game he declared, "That wasn't as interesting as a tournament. They didn't fight on horses or meet with terrific force as the knights did. No men were killed or wounded either."



"What is that loud curious noise?" he inquired a minute later.
"Look up and you will see. It is an aeroplane."
"It looks like a huge bird. Is it going to fall on us?"
"No, but it will land here. Say, would you like to ride on it?"
"It looks kind of scary—but I've been in more dangerous places than that, saving my master, Cedric. I think I would like to take a ride in it."
"All right," I said, "I have an idea. You get into the aeroplane and the aviator, the man who is the driver, will take you back to Heaven."
"Good-by," we yelled as the plane was leaving the ground. "Say hello to Ivanhoe, Rowena, and all the others for us. Be sure to drop down again."

HOLBROOK MORRISON.

"NEXT"

When waiting in a dentist's office with a tooth that is jumping and playing a tune on one side of my head, I am much put out because I find five fellow sufferers ahead of me. But as the number diminishes and I see each person come out of the room with a tale of woe written on his face, I have a feeling that the tooth is not aching so badly after all. Perhaps I should be economical and go home and try some inexpensive remedy. Besides, I am extremely nervous, having chewed my finger nails and ruined a perfectly good shoe shine by trying to see which foot could step the hardest on the other; and I have heard it is not healthy to have a tooth pulled while nervous. I rise to go, my knees shaking and perspiration breaking out on my face, when the office girl says: "You're next, please."

NELLIE CAMPBELL.

BILL'S ADVENTURE WITH THE PIRATES

"Ship ahoy! All hands on deck!" aroused Bill out of a deep sleep. He tumbled out of the forecastle with the rest of the watch to see what it was all about. A mile off, a pirate ship was bearing down on them.

"Clear the decks for action," bellowed the captain. The next few minutes were busy ones for Bill. The sailors worked with a will, for their bones fairly ached for a fight. A loud roar from the pirate, and a shell passed across the bow. The ships came closer, and yet no order to fire came from the captain. A broadside from the pirate struck the old frigate just above the water line. She shook herself as a boxer shakes his head to relieve the jar of a blow. At last! The order to fire. Their first broadside tore the rigging from the pirate. Another from the pirate raked the decks and took its toll. Closer came the two ships until at last their sides touched. A boarding party of pirates attached. For hours they fought, neither side gaining the advantage. The number now dwindled down to a few. Only Bill and a few others were left to defend their ship. They fought desperately. At last Bill vanquished his foe-man and thought about aiding his comrades. Suddenly he felt as if someone were standing behind him. Who was it? He turned to see, but felt the cold steel against his neck! Bill awoke to find his head against the cold steel of his bed post.

HAROLD BAKKE.

OUR WORLD

This world is what we make it,
Whether drear or very gay
We can change it by our actions,
By the little things we say.



If we'd try to make others happy
We'd soon be happy, too.
The world could be filled with sunshine;
I think it's worth trying, don't you?

ZADEE FOX.



THE CHARLESTON

As I was walking peacefully down the front hall, I heard someone behind me say, "Hey, Skinnay," here's a new one, see! Bend your knees, point this foot out and this one in, move up and down twice, take two steps forward and two back, now, one to the right and one to the left—now! You don't get it at all! Here, let me show ya! See—plenty much hotsum-totsum-huh!"

At this point I felt something hit me on the leg. I indignantly turned around—to be kicked on the other leg.

I could hear someone murmur an absent minded "Pardon." With murder in my heart I turned to find no one but Mr. Burton and Miss Needles coming down the hall. However, in the lobby the "gang" were again endeavoring to shake down East High.

That noon in lunch line, I barely managed to keep my tray balanced while a good-looking "cake" in front of me did the "Tamale Hop" down the line. "Is this," I murmured to myself, "for the service of humanity?"

By this time I was completely disgusted with the Charleston and all Charlestoners. I had learned to dodge every time I heard someone singing: "Charleston Charley-Hot Tamale—you're too hot for me-e-e-e-e."

The next day I was asked my opinion on who was the better of two ardent Charleston fans. After watching the step closely for a few minutes, I decided it wasn't so hard as it looked. I began experimenting. By the end of the period I knew one step. I could hardly wait till I learned another. I, the Charleston hater, had become a Charleston fan.

That night at home I about drove the family frantic showing them the step. When the radio was not playing Charleston music, I whistled my own accompaniment, much to the discomfort of my family. While carrying a bowl of soup from the kitchen to the dining room, I experimented with a few steps of my newly gained knowledge. Nothing more serious than a burnt leg, a soiled stocking and dress, and a ruined shine resulted.

About a week later an aunt of mine was visiting the family. I was told to be on my best behavior. But unconsciously, while going from one room to another, I began to Charleston. My aunt wanted to know if I was having a fit or preparing for a part in a side show. Ever since she has regarded me with an attitude of mingled wonder and contempt.

By now a certain spot in front of my mirror shows signs of hard wear. This is merely where I practiced. All the rugs at home are worn to a greater or lesser degree of threadbareness.

And—now that I've learned to "execute" a few steps with somewhat less awkwardness, they say the Charleston is going out of style.

JANICE PARK.

AN EXPERIENCE

In History class I knew my place,
I had a dumb look on my face,
I hid behind the girl in front,
But, for my face I saw him hunt,
I slumped down in my seat real low,
I longed to tell him where to go.
He called on me, I looked around,
For special reasons, I sat down.
He asked me why I wasn't bright,
"Why, sir, I lost my book last night!"

MARY CASPE.



BATHING BEAUTIES



THE VILLAIN



TWO LITTLE IMPS.



HEROINE-CHUM-VAMP



HERO



A DREAMER
**A JUNIOR
MOVIE**



REJECTED SUITOR



CAN YOU IMAGINE

Roger Juline not causing fun;
Lucille Howe, no Latin done;
Robert Shaw without a grin;
Holbrook Morrison flunking;
Ezma Peterman, thin and tall;
Walter Carlson playing football;
Dorothy Friedman with straight hair;
Celeste Betts not so fair;
Leone Kaiser, nothing to say;
Dorothy Higgins, the same way;
Willard Burns with Ruth Wood;
Ruth Loizeaux, not so good;
Ada Lewis, no smile on her face;
John Ferguson at a great pace;
Any Junior just "getting by,"
Or not standing best at

Dear East High?

MARIAN LARSON.

MANNERS AND CONDUCT CARD

- I. Chew gum at all times.
- II. Whistle in the halls.
- III. Run in the corridors.
- IV. Bang your lockers.
- V. Be late to all your classes.
- VI. Show disregard for your classmates.
- VII. If the teachers get angry—quit.
- VIII. Demand more assemblies.
- IX. If your teachers don't give you ones—tell them about it.
- X. Be absent three times out of five.

THEODORE HUEBENTHAL.

DON'TS FOR JUNIORS

1. Don't fail to discuss the person who is absent.
2. Don't ever use good English; use slang.
3. Don't comb your hair at home; wait till you get to school.
4. Boys! Don't wait for the ladies to get in the street car first. Hop in and get the best seat.
5. Don't speak loudly enough for the teacher to hear.
6. Boys! Don't ever remove your hats in the presence of a lady. It might muss your hair.
7. Do not fail to patronize the confectionery shops on the north side of school.
8. Don't fail to talk in assembly. That's what you go there for.

HELEN G. MOORE.

Pauline Nel S an
Lois Bier M an
Carroll Bry A n
Willa R d Burns
Eddi T h Bingham

Robert S haw
Celeste E Betts
Edwin You T z



WHAT'S THE USE OF WORRYING?

What was the use of worrying
Till half-past twelve last night?
I couldn't draw a picture,
So I began to write.

What's the use of worrying
If in French one day you fail?
If you can say, "Merci, s'il vous plait,"
You can fool some along your trail.

What's the use of worrying
About a history date?
When you may have a modern one
With "him" by half-past eight?

DOROTHY GRAY.

AN IDEAL ASSEMBLY

Many, many years ago, when East High was in its 'teens, an assembly was just sort of a "family gathering." The students would assemble in the auditorium and sit by the hour listening to some dignitary. When the program was concluded, they would stand and sing two or three songs, which most of them didn't know. Then the principal, who always sat up on the stage to see that everyone behaved, would rise and deliver the "appreciative" address. The pupils would rise solemnly and pass to their next classes.

Is that your ideal assembly? It isn't mine! Why, I'd just as soon study Latin as to go to one of those dry meetings. I don't see how the pupils stood it, do you? I wish they could attend one of our 1950 assemblies. Oh, we have a short play, generally, and then we are served with refreshments. After this we all go for a swim in our big outdoor pool. It's over a block long and two blocks wide. Of course, in the winter time we skate, and if one of us "falls in" he doesn't have to come back to school for a week. Quite a few of us manage to "fall in."

Once again we return to the auditorium and are served with heavier and more appetizing foods. Then our good old principal just "hollers" right out that there won't be any more school that day and that there won't be any next day, either.

Say, now, isn't that just a grand and glorious assembly!

HELEN G. MOORE.

IF GIRLS WERE BOYS AND BOYS WERE GIRLS

How funny it would seem to come to school some day and find that the girls had really become masculine and the boys feminine.

Can you imagine Charles Cilva walking down the hall with a vanity bag swinging on his arm and a dainty lace handkerchief sticking out of his pocket? Or Roger Juline asking John Mattern, who has a red comb in his hair, if his powder is on straight or if his nose is shiny?

Now we'll look at the other side.

We see Marian Larson coming slowly down the hall whistling so loudly that she attracts everyone's attention.

Next we find Grace Carper tearing up the stairs taking but four steps at a time.

As we go down the hall we find Leone Kaiser anxiously asking Mr. Hoyt if he doesn't think she could go out for football this year.

But after all, aren't we glad that boys and girls are just what they are?

MILDRED CARLSON.



BASE BALL FANTASY!!

It was in baseball season. The game was opened with Glue at the stick and Measles catching. Cigar was in the box, Midget played short, and Corn was in the field. Cabbage was manager because he had a good head. Eggs was umpire and he couldn't be beat, he was so hard boiled. Cigar let Board walk, Song made a hit, and Sawdust filled the bases. Then Soap cleaned up, Cigar went out of the game, and Tar began to pitch, but he got so hot that he ran all over the field. Radiator couldn't go in because he was too hot already, so Balloon started to pitch, but he went up in the air and they couldn't hold him down. Then Ice went in and kept cool until he was hit with the ball. Then you should have heard Ice scream. Lunatic was put out because he was off his base. Lightning did his share by striking out six men. Bread loafed on third, and Light was put out at first. Crook stole second and Window gave them a pain, so Ether put him out. String tied the score, so Knife cut him out. Ring ran "round" the diamond and he was lucky he wasn't "stoned." Grass covered lots of ground, and Greece made a Homer. Twin made a double because Eraser made an error. Checker moved slowly, but Nose ran. Concertina got out of wind and had to be pushed. Cement won in a walk, Banana Peel slid home, Temperature dropped at second, Steak was put on home plate, and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Number Twenty-one raised the score and Clock wound up the game by striking out. If Door had pitched, he would have shut them all out.

The game was so exciting that the crowd didn't even bat an eye.

NORA LUCILE GOODING.

THE GREATEST SHOCK

I stared in fearful silence;
My blood raced madly 'round;
I ceased breathing for an instant;
I could utter not a sound.

I heard what he was saying;
My head began to swim.
How could he be so cruel?
What had I done to him?

My heart almost ceased beating.
To recover, I tried my best,
As my Physics teacher calmly announced
That tomorrow we have a test!

CLARA OLNEY.



REPORT CARDS

You get your cards,
Behold! you see
That you have earned
As much as three.

On second thought
You cannot see
How in the world
That this can be.

You deserve a two,
Or maybe more;
But at first you thought
You'd get a four.

EDNA ROMINE.

A JOURNEY

The conductor was calling "all aboard" just as I jumped out of the taxi which had brought me to the station at a terrifying speed. I managed somehow to get myself on the departing train and to find a seat in the Pullman. After regaining my breath, I looked around to see in whose company I would be for the next few hours.

The first person my eyes fell upon was a sour looking woman of about fifty years, who was primly reading a book. From the tense expression upon her face, I judged that she must be reading a book similar to "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." I shifted my gaze because I feared I might be influenced by her mood.

Just across the aisle was a dejected looking mother with two small children. In her effort to keep peace, the rather worn hat she wore had been knocked to an unbecoming angle over one ear. The smaller of the two children had fallen asleep on the mother's lap and was clinging to her doll with two sticky hands. I couldn't imagine what this family would look like at the end of their journey.

At the next station a modern flapper boarded the train. She walked along confidently, and looked as if she owned the whole world. The seat she chose was directly across from a rather good looking young man. I left her to do her own vamping.

The last person on this car was a woman so lost in viewing the flying landscape, that she was absolutely unconscious of the contortions of her face as she chewed gum. I thought of the quotation "O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursel' es as ither see us."

At that moment the conductor called the name of the town which was my destination.

CORA LOUISE MORGAN.

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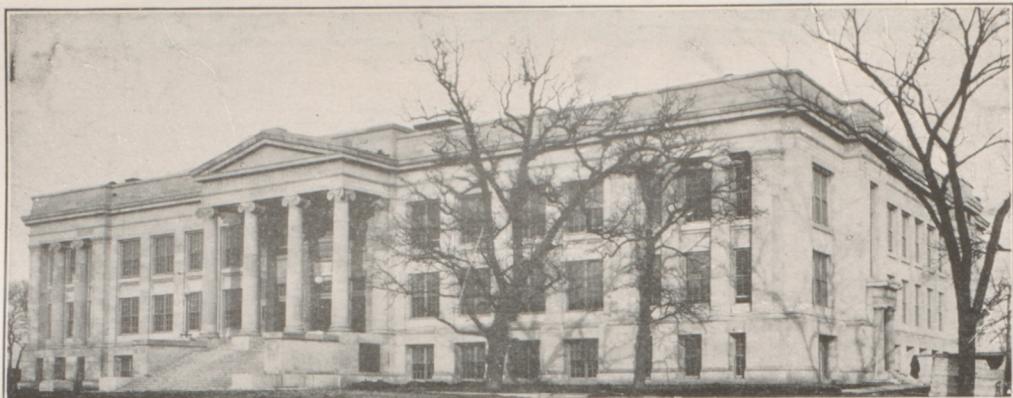
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EDITORIAL

FROM VISION TO TASK

IT IS doubtful if there is anyone in the old world of ours who has not at some time during the days of his youth had visions of what he would like to do or be in the future. Most of the young people of today dream of giving their whole life in a great service to the world. A few dream of some life work which will be solely for their own pleasure and glory. Which will *you* choose?

Many times a young person does not realize the hardships and disappointments he will meet while he is struggling in his upward journey in preparing for life, but he has seen other people accomplish the task and believes he is just as competent to do it as the other fellow. If he will just have the determination and perseverance to keep at the task which has been given him to do, and to withstand temptations, his dream will be sure to come true.

Less often, some other young person has a vision of being something worth while in the world, but is discouraged and disheartened in the attempt to make his dream come true. Consequently he decides that life is too short to prepare himself for something really worth while. Because he lacks the determination and will power to resist temptations which come to every youth, he falls by the wayside, as it were, and is of no use to the world in general. His dream of worth whiteness is shattered. He did not have the stick-to-it-iveness to make his vision come true.

This is a challenge to the young people of East High. Youths of today, try to make your vision of giving a great service to the world come true by being honest, upright, and sincere, and by giving God and the world the best that is in you. If you do, you will surely accomplish your task in life and make the whole world glad that you had a part in doing service for mankind.

Alice Cave.

SENIORS

WITHOUT question seniors are the hub about which the wheel of school life revolves. Anyone who doubts this statement need only contemplate a senior-less high school to prove conclusively that he is wrong—especially if he eventually expects to attain for himself the glory of a cap and gown.

To the freshman—which we have alas, no more—a senior is practically on the same plane as the high and mighty faculty; to the sophomore he is a little less awesome, but he seems far more unattainable; and to the junior—who feels himself the equal of any senior who ever lived—he is an object of dislike. (A senior “B,” who is like no other creature on earth, actually regards his superior classmate with contempt—although it is contempt highly spiced with envy.)

As for the mighty one himself, his views on the subject—at least for the first six weeks or so—are likely to be a trifle hazy. He finds that the joys of “counting credits,” the importance of attending senior meetings, and the thrill of electing class officers are somewhat eclipsed by the indisputable fact that the hard-hearted faculty does not deem him a superior and privileged being, but insists on assigning lessons which, instead of getting easier and easier, get harder and harder as the days go by.

So you see, life's not a path of roses, even for a senior—although he probably comes closer to such an ideal state than do most ordinary mortals.



COMPETENCE DISCOVERED

HAVE you ever stopped to think why you chose the vocation you did? Was it because it was easy work with good wages, or was it because you fitted the job and the work suited you? More and more every year people are being tested to see what kind of work they can do best. There is no excuse for a person's wasting his own time and his employer's time and money on something he will never be able to do well. That is why some of the largest concerns in this country are testing every applicant for a position, to find out if they are able to do the work. Many psychological tests have been made to measure individual aptitudes. Six boys were taken from a school for abnormal children. Although they were quite large boys none of them had passed the fourth grade. By experiment it was found that the boys ranked very high in the mechanical and observation tests; yet they were regarded as decidedly subnormal children in school work. There was once a girl in our city schools who seemed to be entirely unable to learn from books. The teachers were greatly discouraged and wondered what would become of her. However, she could sew and cook very nicely and when her teachers saw what an excellent homemaker she was, their fears were allayed.

This does not mean that you should not get the best education possible. The better education one has, the easier it is to get a good position even if it is doing mechanical work. Besides learning the actual lessons in school the mind is trained to work in the way you want it to work. It has been actually proved that the youth who continues through high school earns more than he who begins earning as soon as he finishes the eighth grade. But if you cannot get anything from your school work and do not know what you can do, remember that there is a way to find out what you are fitted for. No longer is it necessary that "square pegs be put into round holes."

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

DID you ever make a list of the things you know, and then a list of the things you would like to know? How small the first is in comparison to the second!

In a person's life there are several times when he feels that there is nothing more for him to learn. One of these times is the day he graduates from grade school. At that stage he feels that he has conquered the world, but after he has had a few of the experiences of a high school freshman he is indeed in despair. When he is a sophomore he regains his self-confidence. As a junior he knows he is nearing the top. Then comes the day when, as a senior, he again feels the glory of triumph. He believes that his days of learning are over, and that all the rest of his life he has only to put his knowledge into practice. Once again he comes to realize the true state of affairs. And so it is all through life. One moment a person believes that he is close to the top, and the next moment feels that he is much nearer the bottom. Will any human being ever know everything there is to know? No, for a lifetime is not long enough for such a thing. The best that we can do is to put forth our best efforts to learn all that we can in the short time we have to live.

HELEN WILLIAMS.

ORGANIZATIONS

THE E EPI TAN

The torture through which the pledges to the E Epi Tan passed was frightful, but it is over and those who were not fatally injured in the initiation are members to be proud of.

There is no need, however, for any would-be members to become alarmed, and we should advise them to enter, as the E Epi Tan needs good, energetic members.

A good debate was held February 12, 1926, between Wetal Potts and Harold Bakke, negative, and Arvid Carlson and Harold Garwood, affirmative, on the question, "Resolved, That High School Athletics Are More Beneficial to Students Than Other Extra Curricular Activities." Although the husky upholders of athletics put up a good argument, they were defeated.

A number of other good programs have been put on, several talks on aviation, the police department, and other interesting topics having entertained the members.

A party is being planned for the near future which will of course eclipse all others previously held.

The officers for the new semester are: Jack Wickham, president; Darrel Garwood, vice-president; Robert Goodrich, secretary; and Raymond Love, sergeant-at-arms. Edward Paterson retains the position of treasurer for the full year.

ZETAGATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Zetagathean Literary Society has just completed, most successfully, its second semester and is planning to make its third even more enjoyable than the preceding ones under the capable leadership of Elvera Hultman, president; Phyllis Hall, vice-president; Dorothy Rehms, secretary; Florence Moore, treasurer; and Miss Brody, faculty adviser.

We have planned to devote some of our meetings to the study of the lives and productions of the various American authors. Lucille Hamblin, program chairman, presented a most interesting and enjoyable Lincoln's birthday program on February 12th, which consisted of talks on the different phases of Lincoln's life by Dorothy Lindberg, Helen Williams, Maurine Gustason, Frances Brown, Opal Harsh, Zoe Ringrose, and Dorothy Rehms, and piano selections by Florence Moore, and Mary Elizabeth Hawk.

Among the social events of the year was the initiation which took place February 25th in the Union Park cabin, at which time ten pledges were formally initiated into the club. Definite plans have not yet been made for the semester party-dance which will be given some time in the future, but we feel certain that it will eclipse even the one of last year.

SODALITAS ROMANA

Sodalitas Romana is not a new club in East High, but for the past year because of the school's crowded program it has been suspended. Now, with a new constitution and a membership for the most part new, it has reorganized and expects to rank high among the school's organizations. Its officers for the semester are Marcus Clifton, praeses; Harold Kellogg, propraeses; Charlotte Cornell, scriba; and Ruth Walker, praefecta. The club plans the study of the Roman nation and people, with their language, customs, and history. It has pledged itself to use the Latin terms in speaking of itself or its officers.

Studuistine Latinam linguam? Then come to the meetings of the Latin society, every odd Tuesday.

DONALD DOUGLASS.



GIRLS' DRAMATIC CLUB

The girls of the Dramatic Club assured themselves of a pleasant semester by electing as the club's president, Marjorie Gustafson. The other officers are: Dorothy Sweeney, vice-president; Eleanor Burton, secretary; and Geneva Proudfit, treasurer.

The try-outs for new members for the Dramatic Club were held on Tuesday, February 9, and as a result sixteen girls were added to the membership of the club.

The initiation picnic was held at Union Park Monday, February 22, and the initiation committee consisted of Nedra Gordinier, chairman, assisted by Charlotte Bryan and Louise McCaughan. Waffles, country sausage, and coffee were served. The poor girls who had to stand over the stove and cook the waffles deserve a lot of praise for their untiring work. The girls being initiated proved to be very brave. Eleanor Cosson was spared some of the hardships on account of her injured arm.

The policy of dividing the club into groups to plan for the entertainment of the other members during the year is to be continued this semester. **NEDRA GORDINIER.**

EUCLIDEAN CLUB

The members of the Euclidean Club anticipate another very pleasant and profitable semester. We had several worth-while programs last semester and we had an enjoyable picnic in Union Park, at which time a number of neophytes were formally initiated into the club. At our picnic this semester we will have an opportunity to look at the moon through the school telescope. The club also plans to make a trip to Drake Observatory some evening this spring.

We have for our officers this semester: Gerald Griffith, president; Flossie Wall, vice-president; Eloise Sidener, secretary; and Salome C. Minotor, treasurer. Heretofore the membership has consisted almost entirely of seniors. We hereby extend to the sophomores and juniors an invitation to join. The requirements are that one is now taking or has taken Math. three and four or is carrying some science. We hope to have an increased membership, since many good programs on scientific and mathematical subjects have been planned for this semester. **GERALD GRIFFITH.**

LIBRARY ROUND TABLE

The Library Round Table is off for a good start this semester under the leadership of Charlotte Bryan, president; Florence Walker, vice-president; and Celia Goldstein, secretary-treasurer.

As the name suggests, the purpose of this club is to afford the girls a greater and broader knowledge of library material and work; and although we cannot hope to cover it as extensively as we want to, because of the vastness of the field, we are attempting to have a variety of interesting and instructive programs.

At one meeting, Miss Cavanagh, our adviser, and librarian of the school, discussed with us the reference books of our own school library. We were surprised to find how many we had overlooked. As other examples, we have studied photoplays, art, and various well known authors and their books.

We feel it well worth the girls' time to attend these meetings, for a good knowledge of books is a liberal education in itself.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

The pilots of the French Club for the new semester are, president, Mable Montheith; vice-president, Celeste Betts; secretary, Lucille Hamblin; treasurer, Lillian Johnson; and club adviser, Miss Jordan.

We expect some fine programs from Lillian Johnson, who is the program chairman. These will consist largely of French plays, musical entertainments, and readings by a few of our bright members. Once a semester we hold a formal entertainment at which we play French games followed by very elaborate refreshments.

RUTH HEGNA.



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council hopes to accomplish big things this semester with its newly elected staff of officers. Leslie Baridon has been selected to guide our affairs throughout the coming year, with Ivan Thompson as vice-president, and Emily Albrecht as secretary. They have as their assistants the following committee chairmen:

Athletics:

Arthur Borg

Finance:

Dorothy Durham

Manners and Conduct:

Robert Crawford

Publicity:

Darrel Garwood

Public Entertainment:

Jack Wickham

Welfare and Red Cross:

William McGrew

Campaign: Cecil Goodrich

During this semester we hope to obtain the largest P. T. A. attendance we have ever had, raise the standard of the manners and conduct of East High students, and, with the co-operation of the students, make this Council a credit to East High.

PHILOMATHLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Although seven of the Philo girls were members of the January graduating class, twelve new girls are about to be initiated into the society. The officers for this semester are: Juanita Porter, president; Jeanne Hoff, vice-president; Alice Cave, secretary; and Celeste Betts, treasurer.

As a fore runner of the good times we expect to have this semester, the annual banquet was held in the cafeteria, Friday, February nineteenth. There were forty-five girls present, including the Alpha Phi Alpha, a society whose members are Philo Alumnae. After the excellent dinner, which was served in a room beautifully decorated with the club colors, purple and gold, we have some very clever parodies on old songs. Then there was a balloon race between five members of the Alumnae and five present members of Philo. The alumnae won by a startling majority. Then the girls formed in line for the Virginia Reel, but in a little while it was abandoned in favor of the modern dance. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and conversation. It is certain that all of the girls will agree that we had a merry time.

Although the pledges are waiting with fear and trembling for the initiation, I am sure that they will be glad that they got into the Philomathean.

Y. W. C. A.

We think that all the girls who attend the meetings will say that the Y. W. is not an uninteresting dry club, for Louise McCaughan, our program chairman, has planned entertaining programs all this year.

January was thrift month, so we had programs bringing out the idea of thrift, the most interesting of which were the talks by Miss Pritchard on "A Budget of a High School Girl's Time." The meetings in February were about the girl and her duty as a citizen. March is the month of hobbies. There were interesting discussions on what a girl should have as a hobby.

Our Valentine party was a great success. The girls played games, matched paper hearts and ate candy hearts. Instead of the joint high school banquet with the Hi-Y which is usually held, we had a Colonial party on the twenty-sixth of February at the Y. W. C. A. building. Many George and Martha Washingtons returned to share in the games and fun.

As the Y. W. officers serve for a year we still have as president, Lois Louise Thornburg; vice-president, Eleanor Burton; and secretary, Jeanne Hoff.

CHARLOTTE BRYAN.



FORENSIC CLUB

The Forensic Club of East High is composed of a group of boys who meet every Friday afternoon in the music room for the purpose of carrying on literary work in the nature of debates, parliamentary law, and extemporaneous speaking. This prepares the members of the club for taking part in these extra-curricular activities. The Forensic Club has, along with its literary work, various social entertainments every year. It sponsored a Collegiate Dance on January 15, which was well attended.

It is ever the aim of the Forensic Club to uphold the standards of the school; to work "For the Service of Humanity." With John Hoff as our new program chairman, assisted by Otis Selindh, the club is enjoying some very fine programs, based on topics of interest to all. Robert Alt and Donald McConnell make up the new membership committee.

The officers that have been elected for this semester are: Edwin Youtz, president; Cecil Goodrich, vice-president; John Conaway, secretary; William McGrew, treasurer; and Vaughn Cook, sergeant-at-arms. We are indeed fortunate to have as our faculty adviser, Mr. McCullough, who is an enthusiastic and excellent instructor in debating and parliamentary law.

EDWIN YOUTZ, President.

SHAKESPEAREAN CLUB

Under the capable leadership of Robert Crawford, president; Van Robinson, vice-president, and Jean Beyer, secretary-treasurer, with Miss McBride as faculty adviser, the Shakespearean Club is planning to enjoy a great deal of profitable work this semester.

English and American dramatists will be studied as usual, with several feature programs listed as future events. The meeting on April 16, closest to Shakespeare's birthday, will be devoted entirely to Shakespeare, and another to the study and dramatization of a modern short play.

With Van Robinson, chairman, Zoe Ringrose, Olive Wright, Jack Wickham, and Alice Ledlie as the program committee, the club may expect interesting Friday afternoons. Other committees are the membership: Waldemar Illian, Mary Elizabeth Hawk, and Raymond Keasey; publicity: Lois Louise Thornburg, Beryl Pattison, and William McGrew; initiations: Lorena Cowell, Mark Clifton, and Eleanor Burton.

At the close of last semester many of our old members left us, but we hope to fill these vacancies with other members of equal talents in dramatics.

SPANISH CLUB

Eel Circulo Espanol (Spanish Club) is a valuable asset to those who are studying Spanish in East High. The purpose of this organization is to familiarize the members with the manners and customs of Spain. The students get the information which they would not obtain in the classroom, and thus increase their knowledge of Spanish-speaking people.

Many interesting programs will be given during the semester under the direction of Mabel Pooler, program chairman. The other acting members of the program committee are Arthur Borg and Philip Gibson. Roll call is sometimes answered by the reading of a newspaper clipping or an article pertaining to Spain, that would be of interest to the club members. Occasionally Miss Ullrich, our adviser, who spent the past year in Spain, gives some very interesting talks concerning Spanish people and their traditions.

The officers are: George Johnson, president; Mabel Pooler, vice-president; and Madge Roberts, secretary-treasurer,

DOROTHY SWEENEY.



THE E. D. M. CLUB

The E. D. M. Club, made up of the letter men of the school, elected at its final meeting of last semester the following officers for the current semester: President, Keith Kernahan; vice-president, Gordon Lagerquist; and secretary-treasurer, Lloyd Lansrude.

The meetings, which are held the eighth period of the first Monday of each month, are for the purpose of creating more interest in athletics and encouraging better sportsmanship in the school.

A program for this purpose is arranged for each meeting. At the meeting which was held on Monday, February 8, Miss Pritchard furnished the program by giving each member a topic to discuss on how athletes should divide their time between study, work, sleep, and leisure.

It is a custom of the club to hold an evening party every semester. No date has as yet been set for this event.

KEITH KERNAHAN.

ORCHESTRA

Although the orchestra lost several of its best violin players by graduation, most of the orchestra is still here, and we have made a good start so far this semester. We have already played for a P. T. A. meeting and at the Civil Service Award meeting. The orchestra has a good deal to do this semester as there will be a state music contest, which we will enter. The winners in our district will be in the final contest held at Iowa City. Besides this, we help out at the school plays and at numerous assemblies. Any person who plays an instrument is requested to join the orchestra.

EMORY KENNEDY.

HI-Y

By means of a contest which was held recently, the Hi-Y has succeeded in swelling its ranks considerably and a great many of the outstanding characters of the school belong.

So far we have had a very good semester, all of the meetings being interesting and attended by the majority of the membership.

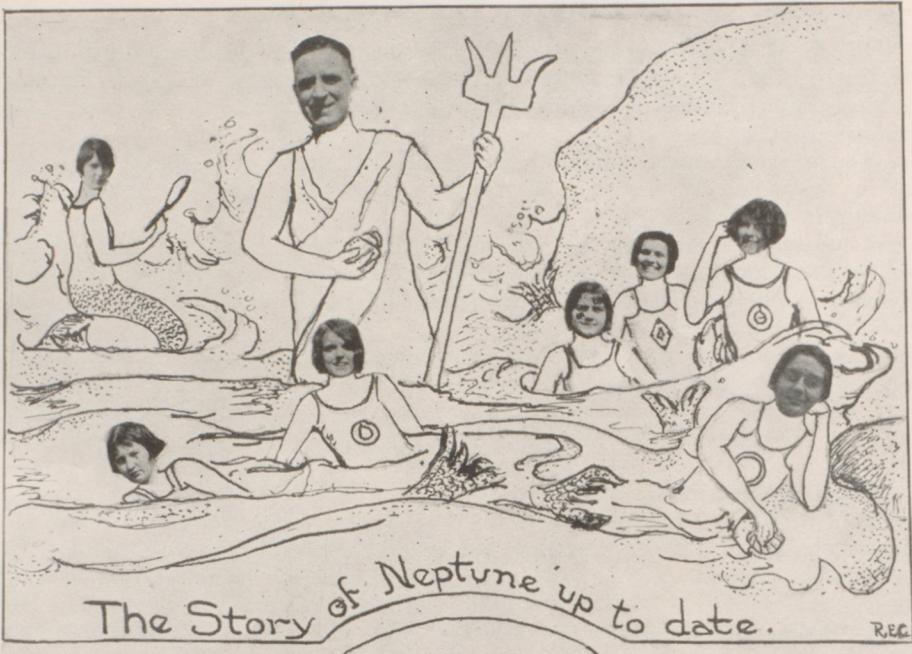
We held a Mother and Son banquet on Monday, March 1, which is an annual event. The Paterson Twins, the Gold Dust Twins, Ray Love and Jack Spencer, and a reader entertained, and Mrs. Wilson and Darrel Garwood rendered toasts to the boys and to the mothers. Those who attended know what a good time we all had, and the programs of other meetings preceding it were but repetitions of this in spirit and entertainment. We hope that all who are new to the school will feel perfectly free to join us in our regular meetings on Monday at 6:30. The dues are but fifty cents and we feel that no boy can afford to miss the good times we have for that sum.

THE HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

The officers for the new semester who took up their work at the last meeting are: President, Ruth Mellin; vice-president, Marjorie Fredericks; secretary-treasurer, Grace Nicholls; and reporter, Rebecca Gabriel.

The new program committee has planned entertainments of an educative style. Several women from the various department stores have consented to appear before the club and speak on the selection of clothing, shoes and hats. For variety, the committee contrived to obtain a speaker on the subject, "The Selection of a Menu for a Tea-room." We also have a few talented members who have consented to entertain the club with their arts at future meetings. With the assistance of the new members, whom we have lately received, we expect to make a name for the club this semester.

REBECCA GABRIEL.



The Story of Neptune up to date.

R.E.C.



Knighthood - Flowering in 1926.

WHAT'S DOING

SENIOR ACTIVITIES CLASS NIGHT AT EAST

The East High senior class presented one of the most interesting programs of the year in the East High auditorium January 25.

To open the program, Ruth Long played a violin solo, after which Duane Winters gave the president's speech which he brought to a close with the traditional presenting of the mantle to the president of the Student Council; Donald Secor sang "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling;" the class will was presented very cleverly by Anna Ramsey, Evelyn Osgood, Leona Prater, Grace Freel, and John McBeth; Paul Hanson sang "O Dry Those Tears"; the class prophecy, which sent the audience into roars of laughter, was presented by John McManus, Gladys Blackledge, Robert Phillips, Ann Anderson, Robert Blackburn, Margaret Dahl, and Mildred Smith; a violin solo was played by Hugh Gibson. Then, to conclude the program, a one-act play, "The Trysting Place," was presented by Ruth Murray, Walter Holstad, Dorothy Hill, Dorothy Anderson, David Phillips, Floyd Burgeson, and Glen Moore. As we should expect from the cast, this play was delightfully presented, and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

SENIOR ASSEMBLY AT EAST

The most interesting assembly of the year is one that comes near the end of the semester—the senior assembly. A feeling of sadness pervades the air, but of course, the seniors have a certain degree of satisfaction in knowing that their lessons are finished.

The musical program of class day was repeated. The most interesting feature of the program, however, was the giving out of honoraria. Edith Marsh and Beulah Bliton received general business certificates. The girls, Rosabelle Houston and Marjorie Thornton, who took part in the declamation contest, received medals. Darrell Garwood and Leslie Bardon, who were representatives of East High in the extempore contest, also received medals.

A great deal of anxiety had been displayed in relation to the editorship of the Quill. There was a loud burst of applause when it was learned that Mary Garton would be the new editor. She is the first girl editor for several years. The people to fill vacancies on the editorial staff are Ruth Loizeaux and Robert Wilson.

Of course, the best is always left to the last and the honoraria for the seniors were finally awarded. The people who received awards are as follows:

Hugh Gibson for service in music.
Almeda Page for service.
William Downing for scholarship.
Margaret Dahl for scholarship.
Isabelle Selby for scholarship.
Lucille Moon for scholarship.
James Seddon for scholarship.
Gladys Blackledge for loyalty.
Margaret Cronland for dramatics.
Lawrence Davis for athletics and leadership.
Maurice Gilleland for service.
Glen Moore for leadership.
Willard Coughlan for scholarship.
Ruth Higday for scholarship.
David Phillips for service.
Evelyn Osgood for scholarship.
Donald Douglass for scholarship and service.



EAST HIGH'S SENIOR BANQUET

The East High senior class held its annual banquet in the Ivory Room of Harris-Emery's store Wednesday night, January 27. Over one hundred students and guests were present and the whole evening was enjoyed by everyone.

Between the first and second courses, a clarinet solo was played by Charles Elmquist. Between the second and third, the senior male quartet sang several songs. This quartet is composed of Donald Secor, Paul Hanson, Lawrence Davis, and Ralph Kirkwood. Between the third and fourth courses, Walter Holstad presented "orneryariums" to some of the students.

The subject discussed by the toasters was the Trojan war. Kenneth Muse acted as toastmaster. Don Prugh talked on "The Favor of the Gods;" Margaret Cronland, "The Quest for Helen of Troy;" Anna Ramsey, "The Landing of the Fleet;" Ben Levine, "Ajax Defying the Lightning;" Glen Moore, "The Wooden Horse;" Evelyn Coleman, "The Spoils of War," and Mr. A. J. Burton, "The Wandering of Ulysses and His Men."

INDIVIDUAL CORRECTIVE SYSTEM AT EAST HIGH

For the past nine weeks, a new corrective system has been used in the boys' and girls' gymnasium classes at East High.

At the close of his first semester in East High, Mr. Williams became dissatisfied with the poor results obtained from the corrective system then in use, so he decided to try out his theory that a system which would furnish more individual work for each student would be more successful. He began by working out the various parts of such a system in his boys' classes the next semester. The results were of the most encouraging kind, for at the close of the semester during which the old system had been used, only 78 students or 23 per cent of the 326 enrolled were normal, while at the close of the semester during which parts of a new system had been used, 67 students or 44 per cent of the 154 enrolled were normal. After he had thus proved the effectiveness of his theory, Mr. Williams consulted Miss Gregg and with the help of Miss Johnson, they worked out a very complete individual corrective system which was immediately established in East High gymnasium classes. The system provides each student with a set of exercises especially adapted to the correction of his particular defects.

When Doctor Bailey of New York was at East High she said that a high school at Kalamazoo, Michigan, was the only other school in the United States which attempts individual corrective work. She also said that the system used at Kalamazoo was inferior to the one used here, for while the system used there can accommodate only ten students at one time, the system used in East High provides for any number of students.

Miss McKee considered the new system of such merit that she asked the physical instructors of all the Des Moines high schools to establish it in their classes beginning this semester.

NEW STAFF MEMBERS

The Quill Staff lost three valuable members through graduation last January in the persons of Donald Douglass, editor-in-chief; John McBeth, athletic editor; and Grace Freel, art editor. Although we were very sorry to lose these old members, the new ones have taken up the work in such a way that we are sure the Quill will continue to be as successful as in the previous semesters. With Mary Garton our new editor-in-chief, and Van Robinson associate editor, we are sure of good leadership. Ruth Loizeaux, the new alumni editor, and Robert Wilson, who assists Mary E. Hawk in the organizations department, are the two new members. Robert Crawford is the art editor, and will be assisted by Robert Alt.



THRIFT ASSEMBLY AT EAST

In observance of Thrift Week an assembly was given at East High, January 20, in which Mr. Creviston of the State Bonds and Mortgage Company spoke to the students on the subject of saving money.

In using an apt illustration, he printed on the blackboard the letters "AVE" and then added the letter "S," making the word SAVE. He then put the letter "H" on the word and made the word HAVE. After he had erased the letter "H" he put the letters "SL," making the word SLAVE. Then he said, "If you do not SAVE so that you can HAVE, then you will have to SLAVE all your life."

Many of us are familiar with Mr. Creviston's definition of thrift. He said, "Thrift means managing our own affairs so that the value of our possessions is constantly increasing. Saving in order to buy a desired article is not thrift." We cannot eat our cake and still have it.

Mr. Creviston, quoting statistics, showed that out of 105,000,000 people residing in this country only 11 per cent have savings accounts. Eleven per cent is a very small number when compared with 54 per cent of Switzerland, 40 per cent of France, and the high average of all European nations.

Roger Babson, the great statistician, said, "A student goes through grade school, high school, and college and not one-half of an hour is spent in teaching him how to spend money and how to have it."

GEORGE WASHINGTON ASSEMBLY

The history department, under the leadership of Mrs. Alderson, had charge of the patriotic celebration in honor of George Washington, held at East High, Monday, February 22.

"A Song of Washington," given by the Boys' Glee Club, was followed by a reading, "Our Washington," by Viola Dutton.

Then a series of tableaux and scenes from the life of the first president was given. In the first scene, three continental soldiers, Robert Alt, Loran Braught, and Arthur Borg, are talking about the deplorable conditions of the patriot army, when a messenger, Robert Crawford, enters and announces that Washington has been made commander-in-chief of the army. This was followed by another effective scene showing Washington, portrayed by William Ash, and Betsy Ross, by Rosabelle Houston, selecting the new flag. Rosabelle Houston gave a reading, "Our Flag," after which the Boys' Glee Club sang "The Name of Washington." In the third scene, the inauguration of the first president as shown in pictures of the period, was given. Beryl Pattison took the part of the chief justice. The fourth and last scene was called "Crowning Our Hero." It showed thirteen girls representing the thirteen colonies paying tribute to Washington.

The program ended with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the entire school.

SCHOLASTIC GIVES EAST HONORABLE MENTION

Recently the Scholastic Magazine issued a student written number and in preparation for this it sent out calls for contributions. Eight thousand poems, essays, and short stories were contributed. The editor of the Scholastic said he regretted that the space requirements were so rigid that many articles had to be left out that were of very high quality. East High contributed one poem, two essays, and two short stories. The poem by Rosabelle Houston was published, and a story by Delma Jordan and an essay by Donald Douglass were given honorable mention. East High feels very proud of this record.

The Quill

EXTEMPORE SPEAKING CONTEST

On Friday, January 8, a crowd estimated at five hundred attended the extempore speaking contest at North High.

North High won the contest by winning second and third places. West High was second with first place. East and Roosevelt tied for third.

Each contestant drew his topic forty-five minutes before the allotted time. Then, after this time of preparation, he talked for five minutes without notes.

The following are the contestants, the schools they represented, and the topics in the order given:

Leslie Baridon, East—"The League's First Great Peace Victory."

Robert Craig, Roosevelt—"Aviation and Colonel Mitchell."

Darrel Garwood, East—"Tax Reduction."

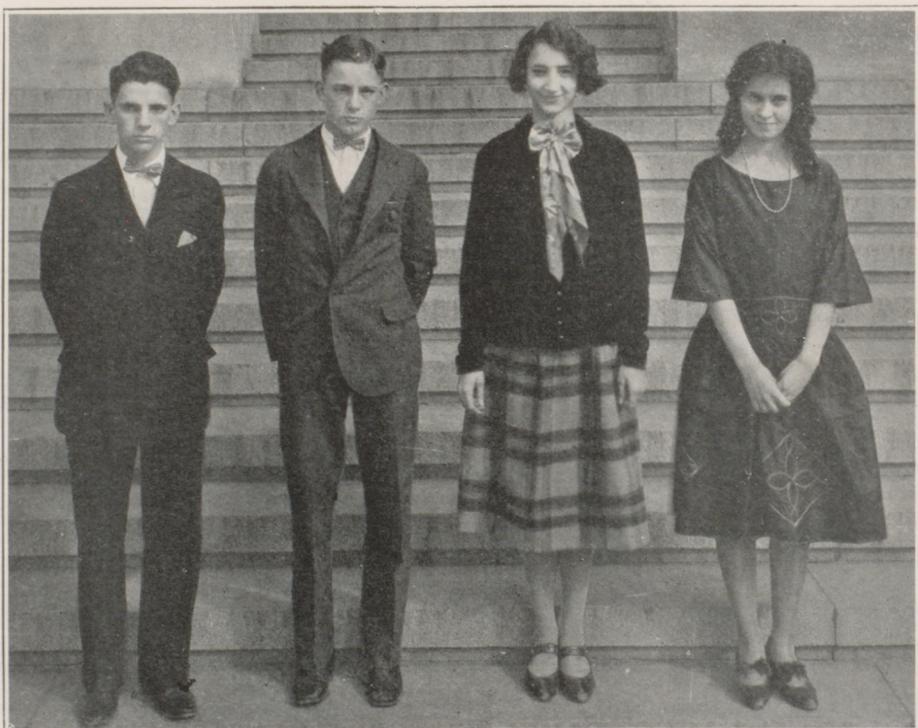
John Hopkins, North—"Business Prosperity."

Bothilda Mahler, West—"Bombardment of Damascus."

Roland Van Horn, West—"Locarno Pact."

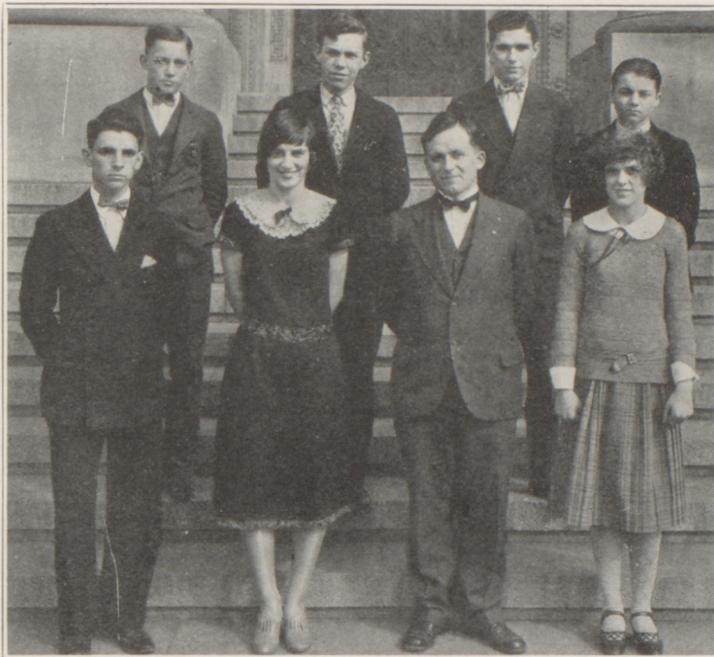
Our representatives spoke so well that one was invited to speak before the Chamber of Commerce and the other before the Lions Club. Darrel Garwood spoke at the Chamber of Commerce on the subject, "Should the Submarine Be Outlawed?" Leslie Baridon spoke at the Lions Club on the topic, "President Coolidge's Public Utterances," with special reference to his speech on farm problems delivered in Chicago.

Even though our representatives didn't receive first place in the contest, we are proud of them because they represented us in a very creditable manner.



Public Speaking Teams

The Quill



DEBATE

The inter-school debate contest, in which Roosevelt, West, North, and East High Schools debated the question, "Resolved, That the Federal Government Should Own and Operate the Coal Mines of the United States," ended Friday, February 26, in an unbreakable tie when the negative teams of all the schools won the decisions in the last round of the annual battle.

Three rounds were held, in which each school had a chance to debate with the other three groups. In the first round each school won and lost. In the second round all the affirmative teams won the decisions. In the last round, all the negative teams won.

Our affirmative team was composed of Walter Howe, Van Robinson, Wetal Potts, and Geneva Proudfit. The negative team was Lillian Johnson, Leslie Baridon, John Hoff, and Darrel Garwood.

A great deal of credit is due our team and its coach, Mr. Luce, for the admirable way in which the material was organized and presented.

Our team, composed of Van Robinson, Leslie Baridon, Darrel Garwood and Geneva Proudfit, is now preparing for the state debate to be held at Drake University, March 15-16.

DEBATES WITH OUTSIDE SCHOOLS

In addition to the debates held with the Des Moines high schools, East High debated with some outside schools, as follows:

East affirmative debated Indianola negative and won 2-1.

East negative debated Indianola affirmative and won 1-0.

East negative debated Newton affirmative and won 1-0.

East affirmative debated Newton negative and lost 3-0.

East negative debated Earlham affirmative at Earlham, Tuesday, March 2; no decision was rendered.

The Quill



"OLD LADY 31"

East High is getting ready for another successful play—East High has earned the right (from previous experiences) to say, "another successful play." The one to be presented on March 18 and 19 is "Old Lady 31," by Rachel Crothers, adapted from the novel by Louise Forsslund. The play opens upon the home of David and Angie Rose, who are about to be turned away by a sheriff's sale. Angie goes to an old ladies' home, and David to the poor house; but so great is this couple's love for each other that the old ladies decide to invite David to live with them. Sad, indeed, are the complications arising from the entrance of the thirty-first "old lady." We guarantee that it will be well worth the price for you to come and find out just how everybody manages to live happily ever after.

The play is directed by Miss Lillian Getty, and the cast includes:	
David Rose, Old Lady 31	Beryl Pattison
Angie Rose	Marjorie Thornton
Mary	Jean Hoff
John	William McGrew
Mrs. Homans	Mary V. Garton
Nancy	Lillian Anchor
Blossy	Zoe Ringrose
Samuel Darby	Robert Goodrich
Abigail	Louise McCaughan
Sandy	Joe Henry
Sarah Jane	Marjorie Slininger
Minerva	Charlotte Bryan
Elizabeth	Mary E. Hawk

The Quill

Viola Dutton is property chairman, assisted by Charlotte Fraley. Charlotte Cornell is assisting with make-up and properties. The collection of the costumes, all of by-gone days, is being handled by Lois Louise Thornburg.

The rehearsals already indicate that "Old Lady 31" is going to make March 18 and 19 red letter days on East High's calendar.

PERFECT ATTENDANCE

Miss Gregg, the girls' physical education teacher at East High, has been very successful in her work with her classes this semester. Though the classes are smaller than they have ever been at East High, fifty girls have maintained perfect attendance all through last semester. This entitles them to the ten points required for membership in the Girls' Athletic League. If these girls pass the test which accompanies perfect gymnasium attendance they will earn five additional points. The girls are:

Margaret Allott	Vernita Kirkland
Dorothy Arthur	Hazel Long
Margaret Beard	Helen Larson
Ruth Bombardier	Mildred Larson
Catherine Berner	Miriam McConnell
Maurine Bruce	Louise McCaughan
Grace Carper	Evelyn Mason
Evalee Cullum	Catherine Means
Beatrice Cavender	Lena Nehas
Delores Fisher	Lucille Oswald
Mable Frantz	Dorothy Orange
Alberta Grimm	Ruth Porter
Vivian Grylls	Mildred Parsons
Dorothy Gray	Grace Ridgeway
Celia Goldstein	Deloit Romig
Mary Gruber	Vera Scott
Thalea Hellums	Marietta Stillwell
Zelma Heston	Lois Sayre
Margaret Hall	Elsie Smith
Marie Harvey	Regina Urban
Mildred Headlee	Beulah Upchurch
Pauline Jackson	Dessa West
Bertha Klinefeldt	Jeanette Wirt
Pauline Kelsey	Astind Wid
Pauline Rainwater	Daisy Woodward

SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZES

At last, the dignified seniors have begun the last lap of their journey through high school. The largest June graduating class East High has ever had attended the first meeting, a meeting eagerly anticipated in the hearts of all high school students, on Wednesday, February 17. After a short talk by Mr. Burton, Miss Pritchard, before conducting the election of president, explained an interesting experiment to be tried on the seniors. A personality record, adapted from the one used by Leland Stanford University, was handed to each person. Each senior is expected to make this record, and then, at the end of the year, to check upon himself for improvements.

Then everyone entered heartily into the election of officers. Van Robinson, after being elected president, took charge of the rest of the election. William Ash was elected vice-president; Marjorie Gustafson, secretary; Elvera Hultman, treasurer; Marjorie Thornton, girls' adviser; and John Hoff, boys' adviser.



HONOR STUDENTS

East High is exceedingly proud of the fact that, last semester, six students received semester averages of five ones; twenty-two received four ones; and thirty-three received three ones. This report compares very favorably with the one of the previous semester; it is, therefore, especially significant, because the enrollment is much smaller since the completion of the junior high. Then too, six students, the largest number that has been recorded for many semesters, received five ones for semester averages. The students should also notice that many of the honor students are prominent in club work and in other activities of the school. East High congratulates them.

FIVE ONES

Leslie Baridon	Marian Larson
Margaret Dahl	Arie Moses
Harold Kellogg	Pauline Nelson

FOUR ONES

Lois Bierma	Holbrook Morrison
Dale Bossert	Gwendolyn McCleary
Elna Carlson	Io McGilver
Alice Cave	Ruth Owens
Donald Douglass	Robert Parquette
Durwood Eales	Katherine Patterson
Dorothy Friedman	Rose Lillian Press
Mildred Grant	Geneva Proudfit
Mary Louise Hershman	Wetal Potts
Katherine Holt	Myer Sutton
Lesa Lundin	William Wetherall

THREE ONES

Emily Albrecht	Ruth Loizeaux
Opal Blakley	Bernice May
Willard Coughlan	Helen McGlothlen
Margaret Cumpston	John McManus
Verne Dierdorff	Glen Moore
Eleanor Eggiman	Edward Paterson
Eunice Goldsmith	Leona Prater
Frederick Gracely	Lois Rider
Lee Green	Grace Ridgway
Paul Hanson	Van Robinson
Ruth Hegna	Earl Schreiner
Walter Howe	Isabelle Selby
Dorothy Johnson	Mildred Tilley
Lillian Johnson	Daisy Woodward
Ralph Johnson	Helen Williams
Delma Jordan	Olive Wright
Frances Larson	

NEW BUSINESS STAFF MEMBERS

The business staff of the East High Quill has been organized for this semester's work with three new members added to the list. Owing to the fact that Margaret Dahl, the stenographer; Maurice Gilleland, advertising manager; and Richard Peterson, staff member, graduated, John Conaway, staff member; Morris Siegel, staff member; and Zoe Ringrose, stenographer, have been chosen to fill the vacancies.

Were it not for the faithful business staff members who work diligently week after week, the Quill would never be published and distributed to the students.



CHANGES IN FACULTY

East High regrets very much that it was forced to lose ten very capable members from its faculty. This, we regret to say, was caused by the decreased enrollment caused by not having any freshmen enrolled in school.

Miss Snyder, an English teacher, and Miss Helmreich, a history teacher, are attending Chicago University. Mrs. Ensign and Miss Woodman, both English teachers, and Mrs. McEvoy, a Spanish teacher, are all on leave of absence. Miss McEniry was transferred to Roosevelt High and will continue to teach mathematics. Miss Forkner, who was transferred to the new Warren Harding Junior High, will continue to teach history. Miss Sater, a mathematics teacher at East, is to teach science at North High. Miss Gilbert, a science teacher at East, is teaching in the Iowa Teachers' College at Cedar Falls. Mrs. Taylor, a mathematics teacher, was transferred to Amos Hiatt, where she will teach a number of subjects.

East hopes that they will all enjoy their new positions and will make a success in them. But we also hope that they will come back again to East High as vacancies occur or as the faculty needs enlarging.

EAST A SENIOR HIGH

Fourteen years ago, the construction of East High with a capacity of fourteen hundred students was considered preposterous by the taxpayers, who felt that there would never be such an extensive demand for education. Three years ago, it became necessary for East High to adopt the double session system to accommodate the twenty-eight hundred students enrolled. This crowded condition at East resulted in the construction of two new high schools, Roosevelt and Lincoln. These two buildings were soon in danger of being overcrowded, so a number of junior highs were built to take care of the many students being sent from the grades. Fortunately, two of the junior highs were situated in the vicinity of East High. As this resulted in the exclusion of freshmen from our school, East is now a senior high.

We hope that being a senior high will enable East to reach even a higher degree of success in the future than it has in the past.

QUILL AUCTION AT EAST

The annual Quill auction was held during the fifth and sixth periods January 29. This auction, which is held in order that Quill pictures may be placed within the reach of the students, was such a success last year that it was repeated this semester, in hopes that the students would again enjoy it, and they did!

The fifth period Bob Alt and John McBeth paraded their wares before the school, while the sixth period Van Robinson and Maurice Gilleland lustily proclaimed to an enthralled audience: "I got nine—who'll give me ten? I got ten—who'll give me eleven?" and so on.

Yes, the auction was a success and although the staff didn't make a fortune as a result of the sale, they feel quite satisfied with the results.

MR. STUDEBAKER SPEAKS AT P. T. A.

Mr. Studebaker, superintendent of schools, talked on "Organization of the School System" at the first meeting this semester of the East High Parent-Teachers' Association on Tuesday, February 16. Mr. Studebaker first considered the history of school development, after which, he made clear the great responsibilities of the Board of Education. Mr. Studebaker classed these responsibilities under three heads, the problem of housing, the curriculum, and the selection of teachers. A school building is erected according to the needs of the children. Wherever thirty-five children are found through census, a school room is built.

Mrs. Lincoln, a candidate for election to the board of education, gave a brief talk on realizing the responsibilities of office.



QUILLIAM SAYS:

SOMEONE should explain to Ray Keasey that the walls of the building are to support the roof, not to lean against.

IT IS rumored that Mr. Bakalyar will some day be rich from his new inventions.

“A MORE exciting accident than ours may have happened, but we have our doubts.”—Eleanor C., Mary G., Marjorie S.

RED AND BLACK, East High's favorite color scheme personified—Bob Alt and Van Robinson.

TO BE collegiate nowadays one simply *must* be taking art. (For entrance examinations see Miss Macy before 8:30 or after 3:15 any day except Saturdays and Sundays.)

THAT has become of the good old days when Seniors were dignified, and English was easy?

HOW about more Charleston demonstrations during the sixth period?

THE seniors feel guilty about graduating. They are afraid that dear East High will go astray next September.

WHERE, oh, where are the dear little freshmen?

HAVE you noticed the complete disregard of the monitor on the northeast corner of the first floor on Fridays? Sh-h-h-h, don't get excited—it's only E. Epi Tan members going to meeting.

WE HAVE an idea that Raymond Love could get a job writing sub-titles for the movies if his work at noon assemblies is a sample.

QUILLIAM says he's getting jealous of the stray dogs who are parading the front hall lately.

CERTAIN girls of today are going to create individuality by letting their hair grow out.

ANTHONY OLLS wonders when East High will install elevators.

WE JUST discovered, from reading old Quills, that the last time a boy in the library got up and gave his chair to a girl was on January 27, 1921.

ONE of the helpful suggestions that has come to us is that the Quill provide the editorial departments with coaster wagons in which to transport the contributions they receive!



ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL SCORES

EAST-WEST

A TEAM		B TEAM	
East	4	East	40
West	24	West	8
C TEAM		D TEAM	
East	16	East	17
West	15	West	11

EAST-ROOSEVELT

A TEAM		B TEAM	
East	8	East	13
Roosevelt	43	Roosevelt	18
C TEAM		D TEAM	
East	16	East	8
Roosevelt	15	Roosevelt	28

EAST-NORTH

A TEAM		B TEAM	
East	7	East	27
North	6	North	16
C TEAM		D TEAM	
East	24	East	21
North	12	North	16

EAST-LINCOLN

A TEAM		B TEAM	
East	8	East	26
Lincoln	12	Lincoln	10
C TEAM		D TEAM	
East	30	East	20
Lincoln	14	Lincoln	8

TENNIS

The tennis season is rapidly approaching. It will soon be time for the tennis players to hunt up their rackets and practice slamming the balls around. Everyone who has ever played tennis or anyone who would like to learn how to play is invited to come out and try out for the teams. We want to make this sport a winner for us and we cannot do this unless we have everyone's support. Mr. Williams is in charge of the tennis teams and those who are planning to come out should report to him.

There is a novel way used to pick the final teams. Every player who wishes to try out for the school teams must play every other player. This makes a little more work than usual, but it has been found that it gives us the best teams. Perhaps you are the person for whom we are looking! If you play any tennis at all be sure to come out for the tryouts.

Monograms are given to those who fill the requirements set by the athletic committees. Here is a good chance for some individual to win glory for both the school and himself. "Come on over, Skinnay," and help us get more cups for our trophy case.



The Quill

CAN WE COUNT ON YOU?

Have you ever realized that the various athletic teams of the school are successful in exact proportion to the interest and support given to them by the students of the school? If you have been in the habit of bewailing the fact that our basket ball victories were not greater, don't blame the teams. Rather than that, ask yourself this question, "Have I given them all the support that I possibly could? Did I attend all the games I could and root for the team?"

It is a generally known fact that a soldier defending his home and country is more determined to win the victory than his opponent who is merely fighting for gain. The principal reason is this: The soldier knows that the people have faith in his power to win; that they will back him to the limit; that they are watching his every move. If the soldier were to believe that his loved ones had lost all interest, he would lose all interest in fighting. This same principle applies to athletics in the school.

Now what kind of track victories are we going to have? In the past few years we have had good, bad, and indifferent success. We have had several stars and these have helped us to obtain victory. But here is a surprising situation: as a rule our defeats have come from schools one-sixth the size of East High. The reason for this is that these schools get behind their teams and help them to win. They have only one-sixth the chance to get stars that we have, but their percentage of victories is greater.

With our wealth of material to draw from and the ability of our coaches, in the spring athletics we can easily take the place which befits the largest high school in the state. That is, if we have your help. CAN WE COUNT ON YOU?

THE B TEAM

At the beginning of the basket ball season the boys who went out for basket ball were organized into teams and each team played the others. Then Mr. Williams and Mr. Hoyt picked the two best teams, telling them to play each other, and saying that the team that won would be the A team. In their own minds they were sure of the outcome, and felt that the present B team would be the A team. However, that team lost the battle. This made the losers the B team. The B team has stuck together better than any other team, partly because none of them graduated at the mid-year. All of them declared Keith Kernahan the star of the team, and indeed he has shown remarkable skill in the way in which he has performed. Possibly one reason why this team has such a good record this year is because all of them are experienced players. They have won every battle in which they have played except the one with Roosevelt, which they lost by a margin of five.

The members of this team are:

Ullrich	Forward
Kernahan	Forward
Borg	Center
Lansrude	Guard
Olls	Guard

OUR ATHLETIC INSTRUCTORS

We have in East High six instructors and trainers for our athletes. These members of the faculty are at all times doing their very best to promote good sportsmanship in the school.

Those who are engaged in this line of work are: Miss Gregg, director of girls' athletics; Mr. Williams, gym instructor, basket ball and tennis instructor; Mr. Hoyt, football and track coach; Mr. Russell, swimming instructor; Mr. Wilson, assistant football coach; and Mr. Hostetter, golf instructor and coach.

Because of the importance of athletics and good sportsmanship in the school it is very important that we give the greatest attention to athletics.



ATHLETIC IDEALS AND TRADITIONS

C. F. Houser, LIBBEY HIGH SCHOOL

What are athletic honor and sportsmanship? Allow me to answer this question by quoting the Amateur's Honor Code:

- “1. A true amateur athlete will never intentionally make misrepresentation regarding his eligibility, ability, or intentions, nor will he continue competing as such after he has ceased to be in sympathy with the spirit of amateurism.
2. Athletic rules will not be ignored or evaded either in letter or spirit, but will be considered as mutual agreements between contestants for the purpose of providing a basis of honorable competition between gentlemen. The letter and the spirit of the rules will no more be ignored or evaded than will a gentleman's word of honor.
3. Every honest and earnest effort will be made to win a contest, but a dishonorable victory will not be accepted.
4. An amateur will always be loyal to his teammates in every honorable endeavor and will do his utmost to prove a worthy representative of his institution or club.
5. Opponents will be treated as friends or honored guests even when they do not reciprocate. No unfair advantage will be taken of them under any circumstances. Good plays will be suitably acknowledged.”

THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC LEAGUE

Snowstorms and cold weather have both proved unsuccessful in their chilling attempts to check the athletic activities of the girls at East High.

A number of new hiking groups have been formed this semester and several groups have already reported long hikes, despite the unsuitable weather. The folk dancing class conducted by Miss Gregg, the seventh period on Fridays, now includes some very adept dancers who are quite proud of their newly acquired ability along that line. Volley ball, which was the popular sport played the eighth period on Fridays last semester, has been replaced by captain ball. The girls hope to become quite proficient in this interesting game before the semester closes.

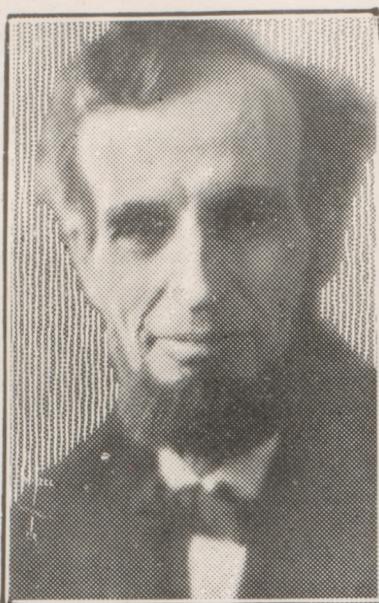
The officers for this semester were elected at the first meeting. Catherine Berner, the very satisfactory president of last semester, was re-elected; Evelyn Latta was given the well-deserved honor of being vice-president; Dorothy Gray was elected as secretary, and Olive Wright was re-elected as treasurer, in accordance with a request from the office.

With such an efficient group of officers, the Athletic League is assured of an unusually successful semester. Many tournaments and other features suggestive of April and May athletics are being planned for the coming spring.

BASKET BALL VS. FOOTBALL

Are you complaining about the poor scores we made in basket ball? Do you wonder why we made such brilliant scores in football and such poor ones in basket ball? If you had attended one of the basket ball games you would have known. At our football games almost every man turned out, while at our basket ball games almost no man turned out. The players were asked which game they liked to play the best and all said "Football." When asked for the reason one of them exclaimed, "It is much easier, and one feels more like playing, when there is someone to watch him."

That is the secret of the whole matter. We did not give our teams the support which they should have had, as we did in football. So why blame the players?



AN INTERESTING VISITOR

"It seemed to me as though I had been asleep for over sixty years and had suddenly been aroused this morning," said Mr. R. L. Chase, on the morning of February 9, in the East High assembly room. We, too, felt as though we had slipped back through the pages of our history books. We felt a bit of the spirit of the civil war days.

Abraham Lincoln, in the personage of George Billings, stood on our platform and spoke to us in the same kindly manner of the world's greatest man. We felt, with increased reverence, that we were heeding Mr. Billings' admonition, "Hold dear in your hearts the respect and honor for the great man of our forefathers."

Mr. Billings said:

"We are observing Friday the birthday of one of the greatest men that ever lived, Abraham Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln—liberator, educator, friend of the masses, just in all things, with a heart full of love for all suffering humanity, and to all, the noblest example ever known, with the exception of Christ! Born under conditions that seemed almost impossible, he grew to be strong in mind, strong in wisdom, and strong in spirituality."

Mr. Billings commented on the courtesy that he had been shown in all the public schools of America. Not once had he met adverse or unkind criticism.

Mr. Billings' and Abraham Lincoln's early lives were very nearly synonymous. Both were born in a log cabin. Lincoln had three months of schooling, while the man we met boasts only one year. Mr. Billings said that Lincoln was fortunate in living at a time when the markets were not flooded with cheap literature, as they were when he was a youth. Lincoln read books that put him where he was later.

We liked particularly Mr. Billings' reading of the Gettysburg Address. He refuted the statement that it took fifteen minutes to deliver the address, for he said that at the most it could not have taken more than four or five minutes. Had there been applause, it might have taken longer, but absolute quiet prevailed.

We felt, with the flame of true American patriotism burning high within our hearts, that Mr. Billings' statement would ring true: "From what I have seen of the American people of today, I am satisfied that there will be no retrograde!"

PHILO ALUMNAE ORGANIZE

At the annual banquet of the Philomathean Literary Society in 1924 a group of alumnae, who were present, got together in another room and organized a society called the Alpha Phi Alpha, which means Association of Philo Alumnae. They chose as officers, Irene Storey, president; Dorothy Pearson, vice-president; Linnea Bengston, secretary; and Miss Wood, adviser. For the first year they met only once a month, but now they are meeting twice a month in the Y. W. C. A.

Every Christmas the organization furnishes a tree, a basket of food, and a little entertainment for a poor family. At Thanksgiving time last fall the girls entertained their mothers at the Fort Des Moines Hotel.

Many of the girls attended the Philo banquet on February 19. Those who asked for reservations were: Irene Storey, Bertha Clarke, Gladys Ward, Mildred Field, Blanche Jones-Craven, Bessie Seaman, Edith Soppeland, Hazel Watson, Ruth Graham, Margaret Trout, Lucille Nims, Marjorie Hutton, Naomi Porter, and Dorothy Pearson. The present members of the Philo appreciate the fact that so many of these girls, some of whom graduated five or six years ago, think enough of the club to attend this banquet.

The present officers of the Alpha Phi Alpha are: President, Irene Storey; vice-president, Mrs. Lucille Caple Johnson; secretary, Millie Clarke; and treasurer, Gladys Ward.

OUR POST-GRADUATES

A number of East High graduates have come back and are taking post-graduate courses.

Miss Church organized a class for those who were interested enough in chemistry to continue their research in the laboratory. Those attending this class are: Elmer Soderquist, William Downing, and Donald Douglass. Donald Douglass is also assisting the Quill Staff.

Others who are taking post-graduate work are: Paul Brannen, Beulah Bliton, Chloris Snook, Edward Smith, Nettie Miller, Elizabeth Pfund, Helen Ahlberg, Ruth Higday, Velma Ford, Almeda Page, Ronald Christenson, Clarence Tingle, Monrad Greuner, Dorothy Siedler, Marjorie Williams, Raymond Shope, Lloyd Hancock, Robert C. Phillips, Stewart Berkey, Ralph Kirkwood, Herman Schuling, Hugh Gibson, Wilma Morgan, Allene Grimes, and Elizabeth Saunders.

IN MEMORIAM

It is with a feeling of sadness that one records the death of an East High graduate. It is especially hard to speak of the death of Ruth Jacobson because she was known and loved by so many of the present students. While in school Ruth was a member of the Y. W. C. A. and was in "Erminie" and the "Gypsy Rover." She was a very quiet, unassuming girl, but all who knew her, thought a great deal of her. After she graduated in June, 1924, she worked in the telephone office for one year. At that time she was forced to give up her work because of ill health. She died of tuberculosis, February 23, 1926.



ALUMNI IN COLLEGE

Those from the January class who are attending college are:

Charles Elmquist, Des Moines University.

Glen Miller, Lucille Moon, Jack Duncan, and Willard Coughlan, Drake University.

Herbert Haage, '23, after completing two years at St. Olaf's College, has entered Iowa State University.

East High has reason to be proud of Francis Joseph, '23, who started his college athletic career with a rush when he captured second honors in the fancy diving contest of the all-university swimming carnival at Iowa State University.

Marjorie Bishard of the class of 1922 was elected one of the beauties of the Iowa State University campus. She is a member of the Phi Beta Phi sorority.

Juliet Redfern, '25, is a pledge of the Omega chapter of the Mu Phi Epsilon sorority at Drake University.

Rita Novinger, '25, and Maxine Merkle, '26, are pledges for the Chi Omega sorority at Drake University.

Among the pictures of interesting twins in the Des Moines Sunday Register were those of Evelyn and Theresa Carpenter, both East High graduates. Miss Evelyn graduated from the two-year education course at Drake last June and Miss Theresa will be a member of this year's graduating class from the two-year kindergarten course. Both are members of the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority.

Evelyn Walker, '25, who is now taking a course at the Capital City Commercial College, is planning to enter Drake University in September.

Clarence Cosson, '22, former organization editor of the Quill, will graduate from Iowa State University in June.

Katherine Cosson is attending Iowa State University.

Stuart Ball, a prominent East High graduate, is a member and captain of the Northwestern University debating team in Evanston. He has completed his college course and is now taking a course in law.

PROMINENT CITIZENS OF DES MOINES FROM EAST HIGH

You may be interested in knowing that Mayor Carl Garver is a graduate from the class of 1887 of East High. Mayor Garver has filed his papers for renomination to the office of mayor of Des Moines. Fred Hunter, another prominent citizen, and also candidate for mayor, is a member of the same class. Judge Eskil Carlson claims that he too received his diploma from East High.

MISCELLANEOUS

Lester Hayes, January, 1921, is a salesman for the Pure Carbonics Company in Chicago.

Wayne Hayes works in one of the W. L. Douglas shoe stores during the day, while at night he attends the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago.

H. Parker York of the class of '22 was put in charge of the Sunday School Institute.

Virgil Balzer, '25, is president of the boys' division and Dorothy Steady, '24, is president of the girls' division of the county young people's Sunday School Council.

Frank Grogan, '26, is directing the Black Hawk Orchestra.

Doris Fiesel, '25, is secretary to Mr. Grigsby, principal of Amos Hiatt Junior High.

The Quill

A new American Legion post started on the east side was named "Baldwin and Patterson" after two East High boys killed in action during the World War.

Everett G. Horner, an East High graduate, was probably the youngest member of the American Legion present at the convention in Council Bluffs.

EAST HIGH ALUMNI IN DRAMATICS AND MUSIC

Two East High graduates have played the leading roles in plays given by local universities.

In December, 1925, Miss Maurine King, '22, had the leading role in "Why Smith Left Home," a three-act comedy staged by the Doublet and Hose Dramatic Club of Des Moines University.

The Women's Athletic Association will give a musical comedy, "Oh, I Say," in which Lillian Bradley, '25, a dramatic art student at Drake University, will play the leading role.

MUSICAL PROGRAM

On Wednesday, February 17, the students of East High had the privilege of hearing Mr. Allden Eugene Burton, son of Mr. A. J. Burton, principal of this school, accompanied by Miss Ruth Campbell at the piano, in a violin recital. Because of the exceptional ability of Mr. Burton as a violinist and of Miss Campbell as a pianist, the splendid program was greatly enjoyed by all the students.

The program included a Sonata in G, by Grieg; "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen," by White; "Farewell to Cucullian," transcribed by Kreisler; and "Liebesfreud," by Kreisler. Among the encores, "The Swan," especially well known, was played.

HISTORY OF OUR PICTURES

Perhaps some of the students have wondered how we obtained so many beautiful pictures for our building.

Most of them were presented to the school by alumni or friends of East High.

Theo Aulman painted the picture of Birdland Drive, and after winning the city prize with it, presented it to the school.

You have probably noticed the picture in the front corridor near Miss Pritchard's room entitled, "Aurora." This picture was bought by a girls' club in East High.

"Sea Scene" has an interesting history. It was presented to East High by the artist, who valued it at \$150 without the frame. He was a janitor in an apartment house, but loved the sea very much. The artist never took a lesson, but continued painting until he received recognition. When visiting the school he took such an interest in it that he presented the picture to us.

WEDDINGS

Cupid's darts have been flying so fast recently that many East High alumni were struck down.

Kathryn Wolford and Bonnel B. Bernard are now one.

Velma DeLong has become Mrs. Erwin.

Evon Scott, '22, and Joseph C. Butler were married very recently.

Marguerite King and Harold Carlson were also among the (un)lucky ones.

Oh, yes, Waldo Scott of East High married Beulah Elizabeth Rice.

Grace Everly, former alumni editor of the Quill, is wedded to Albert E. Breckley. East High wishes you all joy and happiness for many years to come.



PHOTOS BY
A. KODAK



EXCHANGE

TO OUR EXCHANGES

To Our Exchanges:

We are pleased with all publications which are now on our list, especially those which are of such literary value as to aid us in making our magazine better, and consequently more worth while to all who chance to read it. Due to the semester change in the staff, a new editor has taken over this department. If your paper is not mentioned or commented upon, it will be because of an oversight on our part. We heartily welcome all criticism that will aid in bringing to you a better magazine.

FOR ALL STUDENTS

Let the spirit of this plea enter into your hearts. We are sure that all publications will agree with *The Pulse*.

A PLEA FROM THE STAFF

What's the matter with the students that they do not support *The Pulse*? Some of us must remember that we have received the cup for the best high school magazine in the state. This magazine has always had a high standard and there is no reason why we can not keep it.

Why is it that the students are always anxious to receive *The Pulse*, but none are enthused about writing for it? Isn't it your book? Remember, you can't get any more out of a thing than you put into it. Do you students know that *The Pulse* staff can't do it all? We must have your utmost support.

In order that *The Pulse* may remain at the top we must have more support from the student body. Why can't we keep *The Pulse* at the top of the list and let it be proclaimed the best high school magazine in the state?

A fine list of college papers has come to us recently. It isn't fair to compare them with high school publications, but we are very glad to receive them. The following publications from colleges have been received: Quax, Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa; Scarlet and Black, Grinnell College; Augustana Observer, Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill.; The Cornellian, Cornell, Mount Vernon, Iowa; The Portfolio, Parsons, Fairfield, Iowa; and The Coe College Cosmos, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

EXCHANGE COMMENTS

ECHOES, Council Bluffs, Iowa:

Your paper contains good snappy news. We are glad to see other schools so deeply interested in debating. The cut which sometimes appears on the front page adds greatly to its appearance.

THE PULSE, Cedar Rapids, Iowa:

We gratefully acknowledge the comments on our publication from your "patriotic number." It is true that the exchange department, purely from the standpoint of clever ideas, is an important factor in a publication. Your cover design is plain, but serves as a real inspiration to one who sees it. Let us suggest that more short paragraphs be combined.

PEBBLES, Marshalltown, Iowa:

Your paper is newsy and well written, but the large type editorials seem out of tune with the rest of the paper. In spite of this criticism, we believe them to be, from a literary point of view, very good.

BUMBLE "B," Boone, Iowa:

The editorials of the January fifteenth issue, "Note Writing" and "Cleanliness of Speech," are both admirable types. The humorous ridiculing of note writers particularly appealed to us.



AYR PLAIN, Mount Ayr, Iowa:

The application of the "Ayr" certainly distinguishes your paper. A few cuts of prominent school people would improve it.

SPECTATOR, Dexter, Iowa:

We admire your casualty list. It helps to promote that vital element, "school spirit."

THE THISTLE, Toledo, Ohio:

The magazine of "Scott High" is very admirable. The application of "Scott" creates a very favorable impression upon the mind of anyone who happens to notice it. The information contained in the directory of organizations, and the fine exchange department both meet with our approval. We are glad to exchange with a magazine which contains such fine literary material.

GUM CHEWING TYPES

The freshman slides noisily into his seat and diligently removes the wrapper from his Juicy Fruit. Every crackle of the paper brings forth a tremor from the frightened culprit.

The sophomore, a little less fearful, inserts his hand into a pocket, and, after several tense moments, brings forth his mid-class nourishment. After several more moments have elapsed, he cautiously shields his face with a book and said nourishment is devoured.

The junior, somewhat bolder grown, after scanning the teacher out of the corner of his eye, hungrily bolts his stick of gum.

And to our seniors, it's just as important as cosmetics. A snap of the fingers and a "P. K." appears. After making sure the faculty member has seen the same, a crunching of jaws signifies the wreck of the favorite Wrigley's.—Echoes.

COURTESY

"Courtesy is the outward sign of respect for other people's beliefs, time, comfort and convenience."

Courtesy is a sign of good breeding. A well-bred person respects the comfort and pleasure of others and is quite as eager to obtain something desirable, or to avoid anything evil for others as for himself. He does not allow himself to be controlled by any habit that offends the good taste or delicacy of others. He uses no annoying expressions and guards or overcomes any sharp words and sarcastic, smart, ready and witty replies.

Emerson says: "The power of manners is incessant—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country, be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. There are certain manners which are learned in good society of that force that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius."

Courtesy is the key to the door of social success and it often fits the door of business success also.—The Compass.

*This hear news
is all troo!*

Goofy Gazette

*Don't get soar;
it won't do no
good!*

A PAPER FOR THE HOME AND FAMILY

Volume I qt. GOOPTOWN, SQUASHLAND, April 1, 1950 No. 0

1900 CENSUS FINALLY COMPLETED

GOOPTOWN'S NO. CONSIDERABLY INCREASED

The pop. of this burg has greatly increased since the last census was taken 50 yrs. ago. In 1850 we had the creditable some of 102 persons in Gooptown. The cen. just completed shows our no. at 117. Town constable Baridon says he counted more than that at the town meetin' last Wed. nite, but he has no proof for his statement. If many more people come hear in the next 29 or 30 yrs., old Butcher Jim (McGrevey) is afraide that his meat mkt. will not be able to sooply the kneads of the community. It is hoped that no such calamity as this may fall on our town, as Parson (Bill) Ash will probably be dead by that time.

ORFUL FIAR!

LOSS KNOT YET ESTIMATED

What the consequences will be is not known Sech a terrubl fiar as this has never before been herd of in Squashland. We fear that the losses are not covered with insurance, but we do not no, of coarse. What we are worried about is will this burg ever git over the shock of so horrible a disaster?

This is a joak. The fiar was in the furnace.

BIG DISCOVERY MADE

TWO PROMINENT CITIZENS INVOLVED

From some unknown source came a rumor that has stirred the harts of everyone in Gooptown, Sq. Not even the Mayor dared suspect such a thing until he herd the report from good authority. The school officials were shocked at such a coincidence. The affair is still quite unexplainable, & what is more, each of the individuals was more surprised than anyone else. When Mary Elizabeth Hawk discovered that her birthday was on the same day as Albert Collins', she rushed to her co-victim to see what could be done. Nothing has yet been accomplished to remedy the situation, & the townspeople all feel that the poor souls will have to remain in pain & grief for the rest of their lives.

YOLLS INHERITS GRATE AMOUNT OF CASH

MAKES BIG INVESTMENT

Anthon Yolls, one of the town's most prominent business upstarts, inherited a some total of \$75.64, in cash, from his uncle who died last wk.

Because he thought his cash should be invested safley, he purchased two Coney Island stands with it. The usual price of one is \$50, but as Mr. Yolls desired 2, Mr. Ralph Reeling and Mr. Than Ivompson got together & agreed to sell the 2 for \$75. Mr. Reeling's stand was the better so he demanded \$37.51, while Mr. Ivompson had to be satisfied with \$37.49. Mr. Yolls has sixty-four scents (64c) left, which is an exorbitant some to begin with.

Messrs. Reeling & Ivompson are going out of this business because there profits were too grate.

One of the stands is situated on Bun Street and the other on Weenie Street. The former will be operated by Alice Ledlie and the latter by Jick Daeger.

To be original, Mr. Yolls will distinguish his stands by calling them "Tony's Coneys." An extra attraction will be, won raw oyster sprinkled with cayenne pepper given free with each & every purchase. Gooseberry pie without sugar will be served for 25 cents a slice.

When questioned, Mr. Yolls said, "I have several prospective customers already & expect a grate increase rite away. Among my promising patrons are Sworothy Deeney, Gerald Griffiths, Roe Zingrose, Marian Brann, Garjorie Mustafon, etc."

The prospects are good for Yolls &, as his brain (?) is keen on business, he will probably become a rich man before many sunsets.

THE WETHER TODAY

Our onerable wetherman, Mr. Robert Goodrich, says:

Fare and warmer tonite and next wk. Sky completely overcast with clouds of snow, rain, hail, sleet, and smoke. The sun will shine at 3:16 P. M. & 12:55 P. M. A beautiful breeze going at the rate of 90 mi. per, will have a tendency to make everyone comfortable.

Temperature today—108 degrees above. Not much change tonite. Lowest about 56 degrees below par. (Of course, I can't tell exackly.)

The sun gets up at 2:02 P. M. today and sits down at 11:30 P. M.

GOOFY GAZETTE

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<i>Mercantile Dept.</i>	H. O. T. Dog
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<i>Business Manager</i>	E. Z. Handout
<i>Questionnaire Ed.</i>	A. S. K. Noitall
<i>Foreign Exchange</i>	Think A. While

All our subs. are urged to pay up there subscriptions p. d. q. The next installment on my car falls dew in a short time.—THE EDITOR.

EDITORIALS

AH, YES!

We have always wondered why Miss McBride was such an ardent agitator for more paper throwers in the assembly room and around the corridors. We have at last figured out the reasons for the agitation.

Bits of white, and sometimes colored, paper make ideal decorations for school buildings; in fact, notebook paper costs a great deal more accordingly than crepe paper. It is our teacher's sense of beauty that causes her to rejoice when the students take such an interest in their school.

She probably has a second motive also. Although the aforementioned decorations are beautiful, the janitors, for some unknown reason, delight in picking up stray scraps of paper. Perhaps our worthy readers have noticed how heavy our janitors have been growing lately. Of course, Miss McBride wants them to remain slim and graceful so that they may add to the reputation of the American people in general. We want to congratulate Miss McBride on her worthy mission.

BRITE PEEPUL

The peepul what get fives for grades are to be complemented on there brilliancy.

Some peepul claim they never got a five, but it is nothing to brag of. These peepul could be delighted if they had a chance at the big Noble Prize to be given. It looks like they would have scents enuf to keep still when they doo such poor work as that.

Why is it that a no. of peepul are satisfied with a measly little grade of one? It is plane enuf to sea that those fokes doo not wish to get higher grades, as fours or fives, or else they are mentally incompetent to doo the work required for a five.

Some teachers are crooked enuf to pull over ones on a few of our pupils at local schools, but not menny get the chance, because our pupils are too wise.

The Gootown citizens think the pupil with the gratest quantity of fives is the one and only one who is elegible for the Noble Prize. As prospects we will cite Waudie Mest, Miles Chinn, Ron Dook, Cilber Wonkling, Don Ross & John Ferguson.

We again complement these intelligent peepul.

The student who refuses to subscribe to our paper and then reads it over the shoulder of his neighbor, is short enough to tie his shoestrings with his necktie.—Ex.

Recipe for a fur coat: Take an ordinary yellow slicker, coat it thoroughly and evenly with a good grade of heavy glue. Put it on and immediately roll on the floor of a barber shop. Brush lightly to secure the proper effect.

PERSONALS

The editor notes that Caul Potton, an alumnus, was present at the E Epi Tan initiation. Nice to have grandpa around, wasn't it, boys?

Cob Brawford, the art editor of The Quill, must have taken his part in the play (that of Lord Andrew Gordon) seriously, and must have ridden horseback too much lately. Anyway there has been an assistant art editor appointed.

Caughn Vook's papa have him a dollar bill for the first "one" that the little son has received since entering high school. Don't we all wish our papas were like that!

Hillis Phall was absent from school all last week on account of the untimely death of her pet squirrel. The Goofy Gazette staff expresses heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved one.

You will all remember that there were three graduates of the Gootown High School last year. We were certainly surprised when the high school in our neighboring town, Blazeburg, turned out fifteen finished products. Let's bring in the raw material and increase our output next year.



ROBINSONS BEAUTY PARLOR

Try our marcel. If you can't come in person we will send you one free.
(stamp extra)

POTRY KORNER

It rains alike upon the just
And on the unjust fellows,
But most upon the just, because
The unjust swipe umbrellas!

POOR SNIGGLE

There was a bald fellow named Sniggle
Whose wig had a dangerous wiggle.
Whenever he'd cough
It would tumble right off
And everyone near him would giggle.

AGGRAVATING

Our baby and our radio
Are alike, I do declare,
They both perform their cutest
When the company isn't there.

A SENIOR'S RETROSPECTION

Four years ago I thought I knew I knew,
But now I must confess
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less.

—Exchange.

◆
There's poetry in trees, but there should be more of it in waste baskets.

◆
A-dance, a data
Perchance out lata;
A class, a quizza,
No passa, gee whizza!

WANT ADS

WANTED—A chemistry pony. Big reward. Apply to Mary Garton.

LOST—My marcel after an interview with Scotty Russell. Any girl in the life saving class.

WANTED—About ten more people on the staff the day this paper goes to press.

WANTED—Some dignified Seniors. If you find any, please send them to East High School, Des Moines, Iowa.

WANTED—A hair clipper. Apply to Rosabelle Houston.

WANTED—A new maid. Apply to Ralph Willis or Jack Wills.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

PARVA FABULA

You, qui verborum Latinorum few have learned, meos labores scribere fabulam vobis will magnopere appreciate.

Iam ego procedam. Erat once puer, qui ad East Altus School ivit. Semper her lessons studebat. Omnes magistræ of her erant proud. Una die ea fabulam scripsit, quam magistræ laudaverunt tam multo ut the Quill Department Literarum eam wanted. Itaque ea in magazine evenit. Post tempus hoc puer non eadem erat.

Con't 3 pages over



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TO LOOK LIKE THIS
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FRECKLINE

Newest Spring Styles

Now on display at Style Headquarters for the young men of East High — the season's newest models. Colors and patterns are now ready for your inspection.

Wonder-Value Two-Pants Suits

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—ESTABLISHED 1883—
THE GARFIELD
EAST SIXTH AND LOCUST
GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN, YOUNG MEN AND BOYS

QUESTIONNAIRE DE- PARTMENT

Deer Noitall:

How can I get the attention of Mr. Walter Howe? He won't look at me. I wish an answer rite away so I can start action.

Respeckfully,

Madge Roberts.

Deer Madge:

We know of know way except to walk rite up, giggle a little, and say "How doo you doo, Mr. Walter Howe, I knowed you was looking for me."

* * *

Deer Noitall:

Elvira Hultman refuses to be seen with me becus she says I am too little. What can I doo about it? I will die of heart's disease if I don't find a remedy. Plees hurry with your anser and save me.

Corjully yours,

Wetal Potts.

Deer Wetal:

You mite try wearing spike heels and a stove pipe hat. Besides adding hite it will also add dignity.

* * *

Hear are sum more letters but we ain't had time to anser them:

Deer Noitall:

I just want to express my appreciashun for the advice you gave me before. If you hadn't told me, I don't no what I wood have done.

It was like this, you sea. John had taken me riding in his auto. & just as he kissed me, a tire blue out, & I said, "Oh, John, dear, how lucky we didn't stay at hoam. Father is sech a lite sleeper."

Thanking you agin,

Mary Doe Nutt.

* * *

Deer Noitall:

As you are in the habit of ansering matrimonial questions, I desided to ask you sum. When yer husband cums hoam late, what should you say, "You big sap" or "Cum hear & let me kick you"?

Hoaping to here from you soon,

I reman,

Virginia Edwards.

ATHLETICS

MR. HOYT HAS SERYUS TRUBLE LOSES TEMPER

Mr. Hoyt, accompanied by Mr. Russell, went to a swimming meat at Roosevelt High School a couple of wks. ago. After the meat, both men went out to Mr. Hoyt's car and there it was, with all four tires flat as a pancake!

Con't on next page

ART DEPARTMENT



R. ALT

Janet Thompson had a dog;

It was a noble pup.

It stood upon its hind legs

When you held its front legs up.



R. ALT

Marjorie Slininger (to Clerk): Let me see that one in the corner.

Clerk: Sorry, ma'am, but that's the lamp shade.

Con't from page befor

The aforesaid owner of the car lost his temper but began pumping, diligently, the back tire, while insignificant little Scottie tride to blow up the front ones. After they had blowed for a while, they started on the other side. As soon as these were aired, the first two were down again. (Oh, deer! Boys, we feal for you.)

We won't tell no more, becus Mr. Hoyt said he didn't want it to get out in public. However, the boys got home O. K. at 4:62 A. M. For full particulars, sea either of the parties concerned.

The Goofy Gazette is a paper what gets all news, good or bad, & prints it regardless of what indyviduls want, so we *had* to print this article.

◆

Con't from 3 pages befor

Mox illa conceitedissima erat, et studentes ceteri irati erant. Tamen, she illos non sensit, sed fabulas scribere continued, quae refusae erant.

Sed factum factum erat. Ad terram descendere non potuit. Gradus eius excidere coeperunt. Numquam omes accipere potuit. Miserabile dictu!

Moral: Nulla est; ea fabula falsa est.

FELIS

A cat sedebat on our fence
As laeta as could be;
Her vox surgebat to the skies,
Canebat merrily.

My clamor was of no avail
Though clare did I cry.
Consperit me with mild reproof,
And winked her alter eye.

Quite vainly ieci boots, a lamp,
Some bottles and a book;
Ergo, I seized my pistol, et
My aim cum cura took.

I had six shots, dixi, "Ye gods,"
May I that felis kill!
Quamquam I took six of her lives
The other three sang still.

The felis sang with maior vim,
Though man's aim was true,
Conatus sum, putare quid
In tonitru I'd do.

GOOFTOWN HIGH SCHOOL GITS BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIPP

The Goofs are to be complemented on there splendid work in spoarts. Their are sum good-looking goofs on the team, to. We think this is what won us the loving cup. The boys looked so cute with there gym bloomers and wool shirts on, flying around the flore trying to knock down there frends from Blazeburg, so they cud make a baskit. We are certenly glad we have such fellas on are team, & hoap they will win the cup next yr.

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE DES MOINES

BEFORE YOU GO TO COLLEGE

It is generally regarded as wise for the prospective university or college student to take a business course immediately after high school. A business course is a guarantee against lack of employment in case the college or university course fails. It provides a means of self-support while in college and, in addition, gives special capacity for intensive and effective study.

Ambitious East High graduates will be interested in our college-grade business courses. Particulars upon request.

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Cecil Goodrich: "Why do you call your Ford 'The Crapshooter?'"

James McG.: "Because it shakes, rattles, and rolls."

Hazel H.: "You drive rather fast, don't you?"

Ray Murphy: "Yes, I hit sixty yesterday."

Hazel: "Mercy, did you kill any of them?"

Miss Church: "This jar contains deadly poison. What steps would you take if it should escape?"

Erland Carlson: "Long ones."

Paul Burch: "Did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

William Helverson: "That's nothing; I laughed out loud the first time I saw you."

"There's one person who agrees with me," said the cannibal.

SHE LOOKED VOLUMES

Emily Albrecht: "Yes, father has always given me a book for my birthday."

Friend: "My, what a wonderful library you must have."—Chicago Phoenix.

Our idea of the acme of absent-mindedness is the case of the professor who poured sauce on his shoe lace and tied his spaghetti.

Beryl P.: "Say, do you want to know something that will make you smart?"

Mark C.: "Yes, what is it?"

B. P.: "Red Pepper Rub."

Joe Henry: "Do you serve shrimps here?"

Waiter: "Surely, sit right down."

Mr. Jones: "How many seasons are there?"

Lansrude: "Three—football, track and basketball."

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All-wool "V" neck sweaters
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DES MOINES, IOWA

First One: What's all that noise upstairs?

Second One: That's father dragging his heavy underwear across the floor.

Art Borg's mother: Where have you been, Art?

Art: Playing golf.

Mrs. B.: But didn't I tell you to beat the rug?

Art: No, you told me to hang the rug on the line and beat it.

Alice T.: I've a good joke. Did I ever tell it to you?

Cora Harris: No.

A. T.: Are you a trained nurse?

C. H.: Yes.

A. T.: Well, let me see some of your tricks.

Miss McBride (giving out books): The author of this book is Woolley.

Frank Griffith: Is he any relation to Lamb?

"If a burglar entered the cellar, would the coal chute?"

"No, but perhaps the kindling wood."

Wetal Potts: Are you going to the fair?

Waldemar Illian: What fair?

W. P.: The paper says, "Fair here today and tomorrow."

Gordon Lagerquist: Remember when we met in the revolving doors at the post-office?

Opal Harsh: But that wasn't the first time we met.

G. L.: Well, that's when we began going around together.

Harold Fisher getting on a street car saw a lady holding a monkey.

Harold (to conductor): Are monkeys allowed on this car?

Conductor: Sit down so they won't notice you.

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*They May Be of New
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They may, in fact, take to Cape lines or they may be strictly tailored like the jaunty model in the illustration. Some have fur collars. New blues, grays, greens, tans.

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RADIO

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Geneva Proudfit: I had them open-mouthed at my speech in assembly.

Lillian Johnson: Don't tell me the whole audience yawned at once.

Jean Beyer: How many players are on each side in a football game?

Elizabeth Milner: Ten and a quarter.

Kenneth Haddick: You know when I was small, my father told me I would be an ignoramus if I didn't study.

Rinard Heubenthal: Why didn't you study?

Juanita Porter: How much are eggs?
Grocer: Thirty cents for cracked eggs; 60 cents for fresh ones.

J. P.: Crack me a dozen.

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We pay 3½% Interest on Savings

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Bank Building, East Fifth and Locust Street

CROSS WORD PARADISE

It all started out with a widow and her stepdaughter.

I married the widow, and then my father married the stepdaughter. This made my wife the mother-in-law to her father-in-law. And it also made me father-in-law to my father, with my stepdaughter as my stepmother.

My stepdaughter had a son.

He was my grandson, and also my brother. His mother automatically became his aunt.

My wife had a son.

He was my father's brother-in-law, and also my father's grandson.

And after we figured it all out, I discovered I was my own grandfather.

How come?

Alfred Eastwood: I am going to sue my English teacher for libel.

Bob Goodrich: Why?

A. E.: She wrote on my theme, "You have bad relatives and antecedents."

Kathryn Shannon: "Did you call me a liar?"

Ruth Carson: "Not at all. I merely remarked that the sinuosity of your ultimate conclusion was due to a superficial appreciation of the veracious reality."

Dorothy Lindberg: "Do you know who the tightest man in the world is?"

Lucille Hamblin: "No. Who?"

Dorothy: "The one who tried to send a night letter during an eclipse."

Dorothy Colgan: "She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

Katherine Gustafson: "Why, I was particular to tell her not to tell you."

Dorothy: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did."

Robert Alt: "I bet you a dollar there is a mountain in Iowa."

Bill McG.: "What is it?"

Robert: "Mt. Pleasant."

*Treasured for all
time—the graduates
photograph*

A.O.Harpeh
Photographer

Maple 1776

518 East Locust

Moline Youngquist: "Why do you call your car Paul Revere?"

George Rogers: "Because of the midnight rides."

Instructor: "If you eat pie with a fork and ice cream with a spoon, how do you eat pie a la mode?"

David Gray: "That's easy. With your knife."

Marian Brann: "It's a shame! We don't have any more vacations after Christmas vacation."

Gerhard Hauge: "We have every Saturday and Sunday off."

History teacher: "Brown, tell me what you know about the age of Elizabeth."

Arlis Brown (sleepily): "She'll be seventeen next week."

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WALTER E. BARNES

Barber Shop and Bath Room
Capital City Bank Building

Eleanor Burton: "Have you heard the story about the man that carried water in a paper bag?"

Charlotte Bryan: "Why—no!"

Eleanor: "It hasn't leaked out yet."

Mr. Stephens: You can't sleep in class.

Mark Cavanaugh: I know it. I've been trying for half an hour.

Fat Love: I just bought a suit with two pair of trousers.

Emery Kennedy: How do you like it?

Fat: Fine, only it's kinda hot wearing two pair.

HARRIS-EMERY'S

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Particularly Adapted for the High School Miss

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206 SOUTHERN SURETY BUILDING

Bob Burnett: "It is very hard for a woman to get married these days."

Lawrence Plumb: "Why?"

Bob B.: "Well, there are so many women for the few men. In ten years from now they will have to pass a law granting that every man shall marry five women."

Lawrence P.: "I believe I'll wait until then."

Ruth Walker: "Are you fond of tea?"
?: "Yes, but I like the next letter better."

Virginia Malm: "I can tell you how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart."

Genevieve Malm: "Well, how much?"
Virginia: "Two pints."

Teacher: "Arnold, spell 'avoid.'"
Arnold Carlson: "All right. Vat void do you vant me to spell?"

**Getting the boy when
he's a boy. Keeping him
when he becomes a
young man. Having him
stay with us in his
later years. Now you
know why this store
caters to the whims of
the rising generation!**

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Our Doughnuts, Cakes and Pastries
are the best.

We appreciate your patronage and strive to merit your confidence



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Miss Barge: "How would you punctuate this sentence, 'I see a five-dollar bill blowing across the street'?"

Harold Johnson: "Make a dash after it."

Miss Gabriel (talking on good manners): Where is the proper place to chew gum?

Ray Penny: In your mouth.
(Ray is getting quite brilliant.)

Clarence Reynolds: "I wish I could change the alphabet."

Ruth Menard: "What would you do?"
C. R.: "I would put U and I closer together."

Dorothy Rehms: "I have acute indigestion."

Bob Hicks: "I have a pretty one, too."

Grace Nichols: "I've half a mind—"
Dorothy Harmon: "That's all you have."

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Dorothy Durham: What did Longfellow mean when he said, "Tell me not in mournful numbers"?

Gladys Hitchcock: He must have been riding in a taxi.

Nothing is better than a good theme.

A poor theme is better than nothing.

Therefore a poor theme is better than a good one.—Lewis and Clark.

THE NEEDLE

Kin I tell you a story? Tain't a bedtime story—it's a detectiff story.

Sherlock Holmes glanced around the room. The pictures were torn to shreds; the table was on top of the piano; a great splash of blood was on the carpet.

"Aha!" he cried with remarkable insight, "someone has been here."—Contrary Mary.

Consoling a bereaved widow, the person said, "The body is only an empty shell —the nut has gone to heaven."

An East High Man with \$30

walked into our store yesterday—bought one of our New Tan Top Coats for Spring—said it was the best looking coat he had seen—you, too, will like that coat.

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The Men's and Boys' Store of East Des Moines

